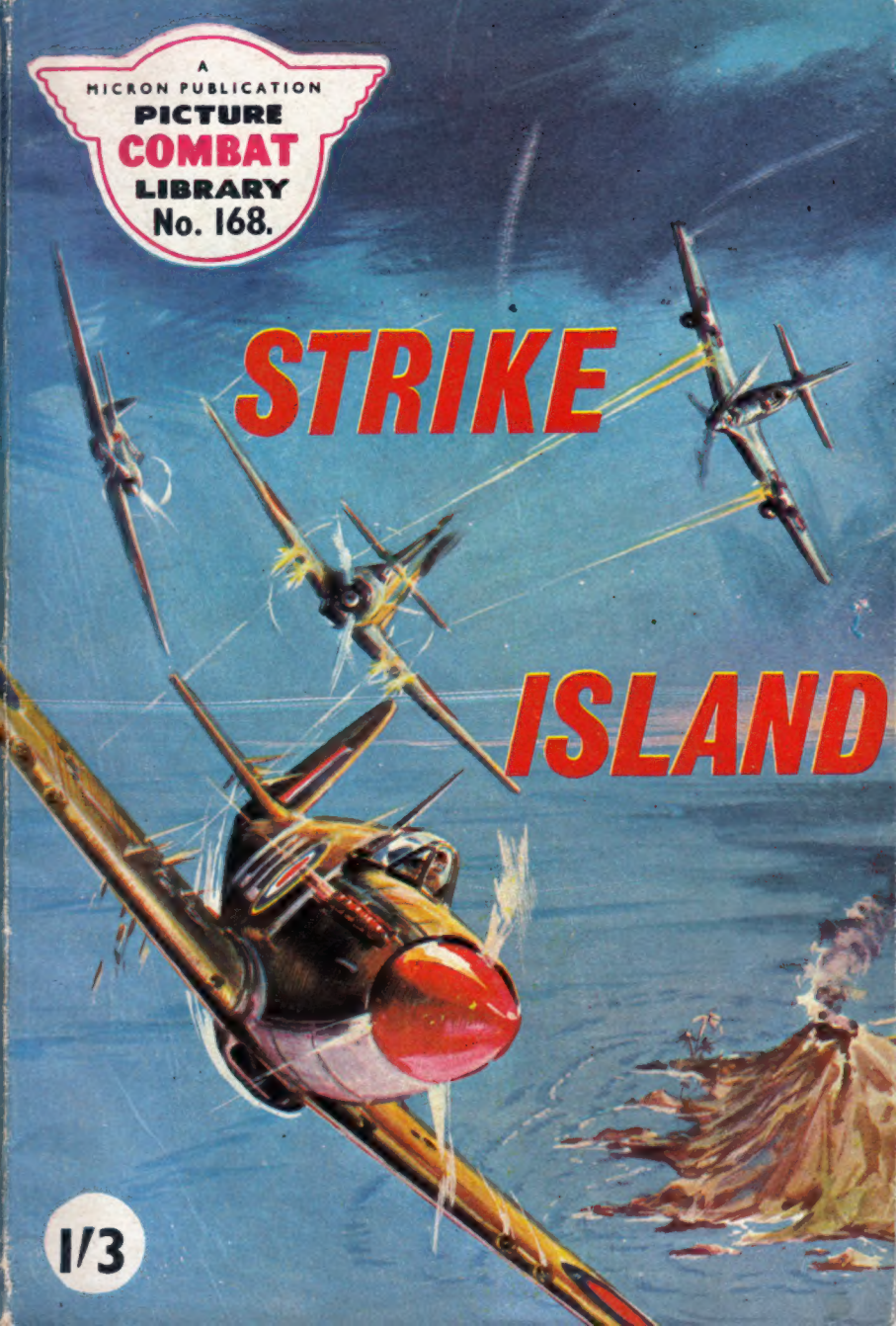

A
MICRON PUBLICATION
PICTURE
COMBAT
LIBRARY
No. 168.
STRIKE
ISLAND
1/3

ALSO ON SALE NOW

No. 165

THE SNIPER

JUST ONE

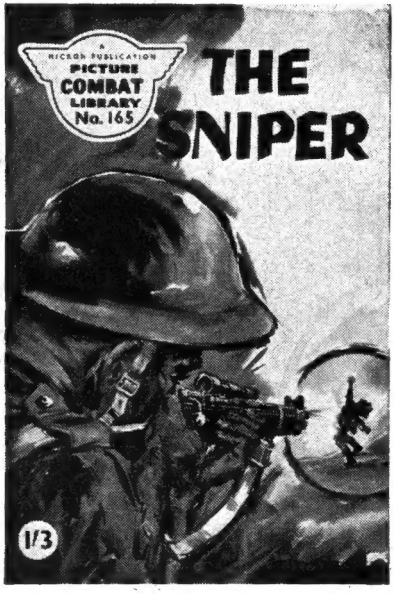
OF THE

SUPER

ISSUES

ON SALE

NOW!



NEXT MONTH'S TITLES

COMBAT PICTURE LIBRARY

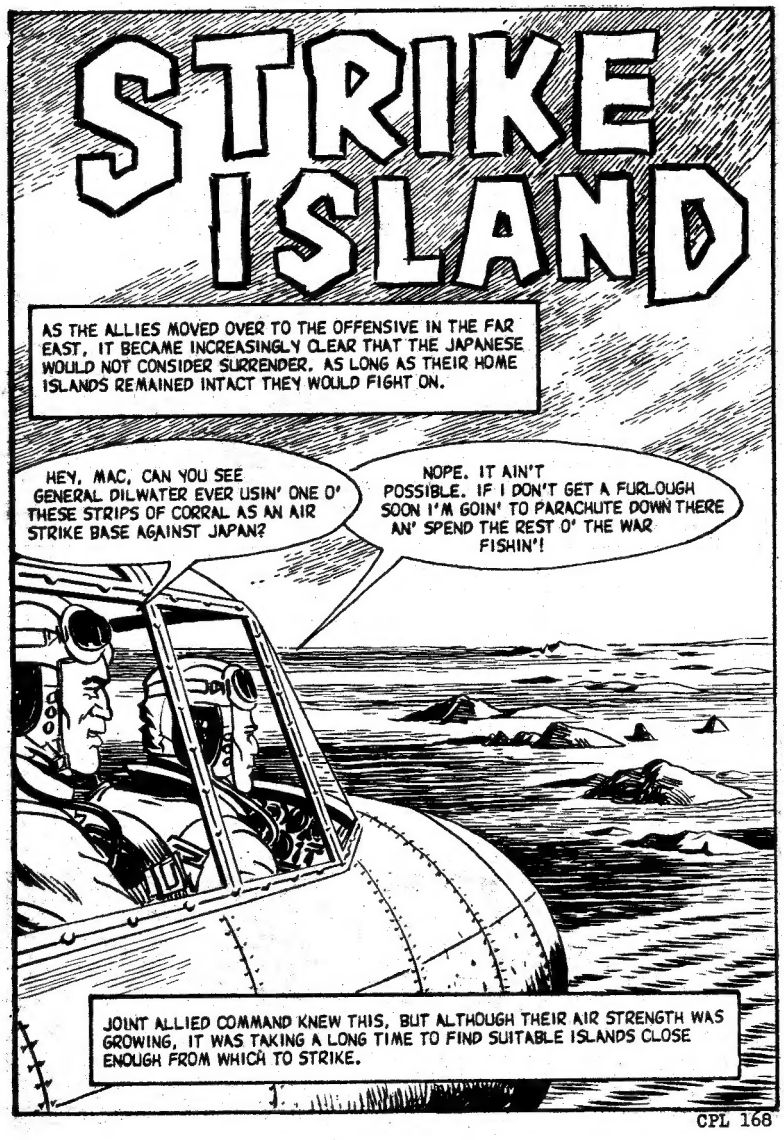
No. 169
HILL OF NO RETURN

No. 170
THE GRIM GAME OF WAR

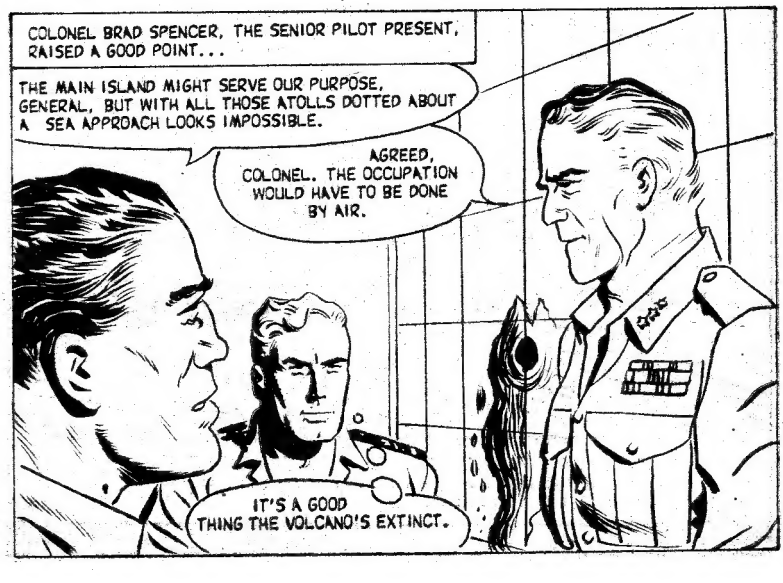
No. 171
BATTLE FOR BANANA RIDGE

No. 172
THE FLOOD—
A JEFF CURTISS STORY

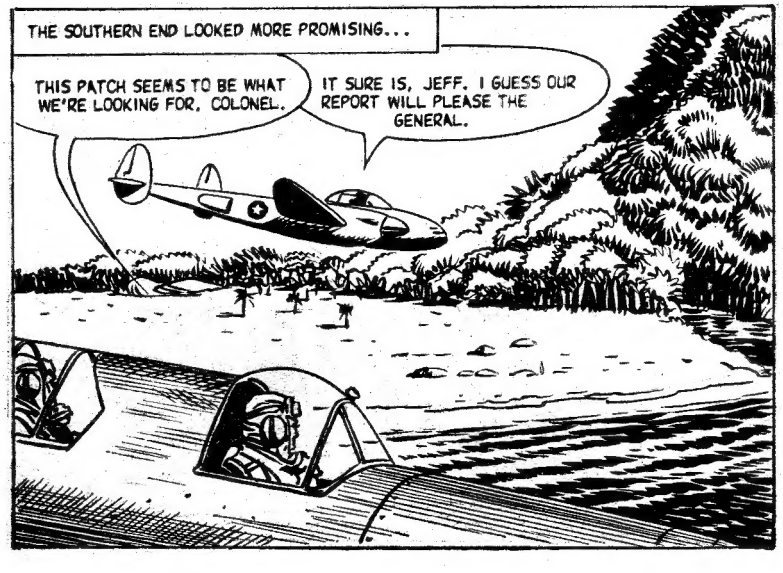
On Sale Monday, December 2nd


STRIKE ISLAND
AS THE ALLIES MOVED OVER TO THE OFFENSIVE IN THE FAR EAST, IT BECAME INCREASINGLY CLEAR THAT THE JAPANESE WOULD NOT CONSIDER SURRENDER. AS LONG AS THEIR HOME ISLANDS REMAINED INTACT THEY WOULD FIGHT ON.
HEY, MAC, CAN YOU SEE GENERAL DILWATER EVER USIN' ONE O' THESE STRIPS OF CORRAL AS AN AIR STRIKE BASE AGAINST JAPAN?
NOPE. IT AIN'T POSSIBLE. IF I DON'T GET A FURLOUGH SOON I'M GOIN' TO PARACHUTE DOWN THERE AN' SPEND THE REST O' THE WAR FISHIN'!
JOINT ALLIED COMMAND KNEW THIS, BUT ALTHOUGH THEIR AIR STRENGTH WAS GROWING, IT WAS TAKING A LONG TIME TO FIND SUITABLE ISLANDS CLOSE ENOUGH FROM WHICH TO STRIKE.

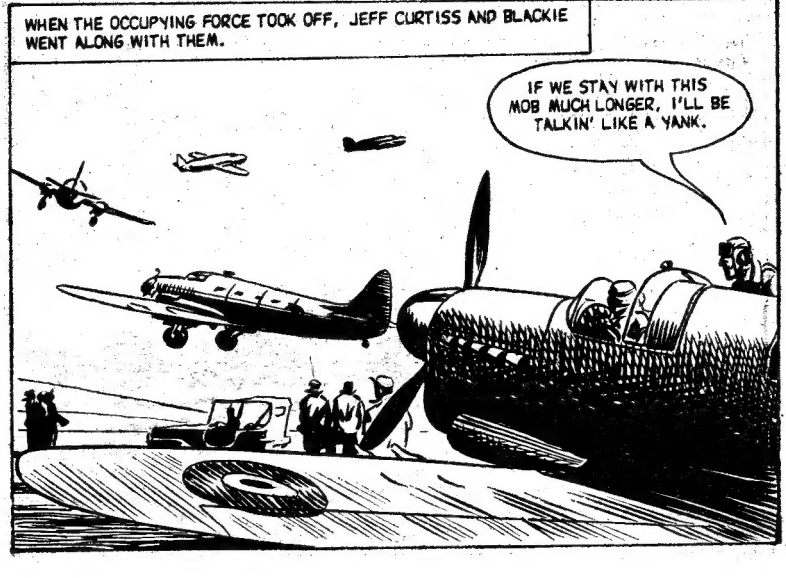
U.S. GENERAL HARVEY T. DILWATER WAS EXTREMELY ANXIOUS TO MAKE SOME PROGRESS. HE WAS BASED IN NEW GUINEA.
THE OTHER GROUPS WERE ALL USELESS FOR AIRCRAFT. THERE HAS TO BE AN ISLAND WITH A FLAT STRIP IN THIS ARCHIPELAGO. IT'S KYUTU NEXT!
COMMANDER JEFF CURTISS AND LEADING SEAMAN ERNIE BLACK, THAT RENOWNED PAIR OF BRITISH TROUBLESHOOTERS, WERE HELPING OUT WITH THE AMERICAN RECONNAISSANCE.

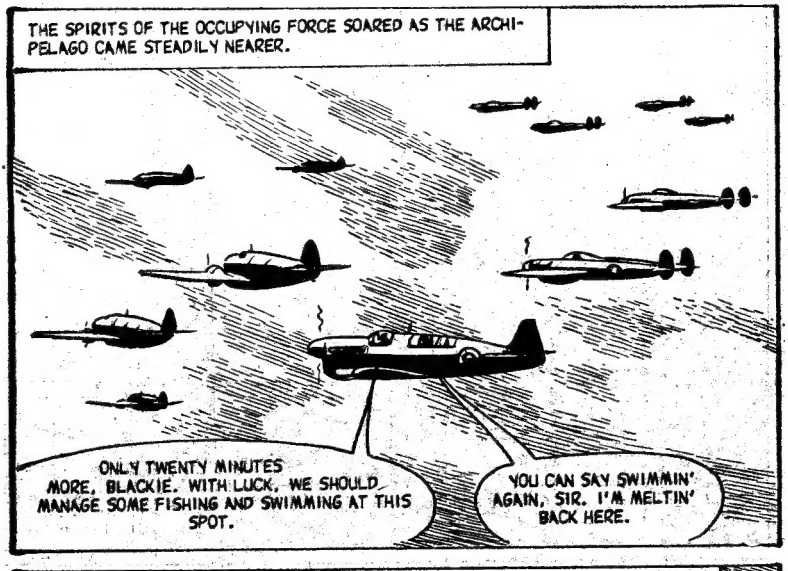

COLONEL BRAD SPENCER, THE SENIOR PILOT PRESENT, RAISED A GOOD POINT...
THE MAIN ISLAND MIGHT SERVE OUR PURPOSE, GENERAL, BUT WITH ALL THOSE ATOLLS DOTTED ABOUT A SEA APPROACH LOOKS IMPOSSIBLE.
AGREED, COLONEL. THE OCCUPATION WOULD HAVE TO BE DONE BY AIR.
IT'S A GOOD THING THE VOLCANO'S EXTINCT.

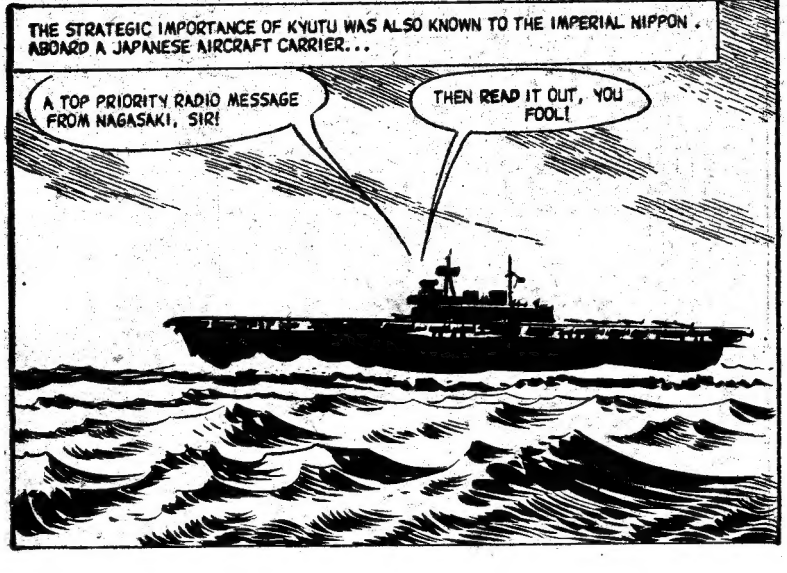
THE FOLLOWING DAY, TWO AMERICAN RECONNAISSANCE PLANES AND JEFF CURTISS' FLEET AIR ARM FIREFLY MARK II FLEW NORTH AND INSPECTED KYUTU.
NO BEACH AT ALL UP THE NORTH END, SIR.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. IT'S THE OTHER END WE'RE INTERESTED IN.
NEVER TANGLED WITH A VOLCANO BEFORE, BUT I GUESS IT'LL BE OKAY.


THE SOUTHERN END LOOKED MORE PROMISING...
THIS PATCH SEEMS TO BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, COLONEL.
IT SURE IS, JEFF. I GUESS OUR REPORT WILL PLEASE THE GENERAL.

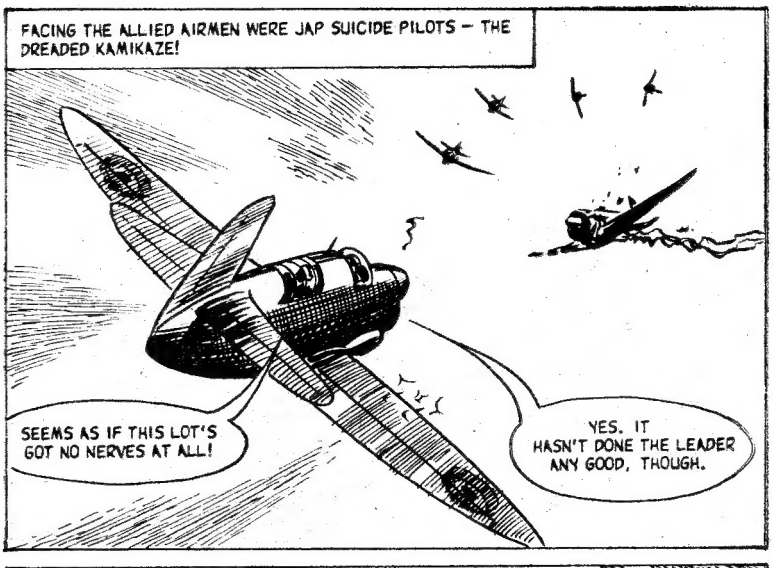
THE REPORT WAS RECEIVED WITH JUBILATION.
THAT'S GREAT, BOYS, JUST GREAT! NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TO HIT THE NIPS WHERE IT HURTS MOST!
RECKON THE OLD BRASS HAT'LL START THINGS MOVIN' PRETTY SOON NOW...

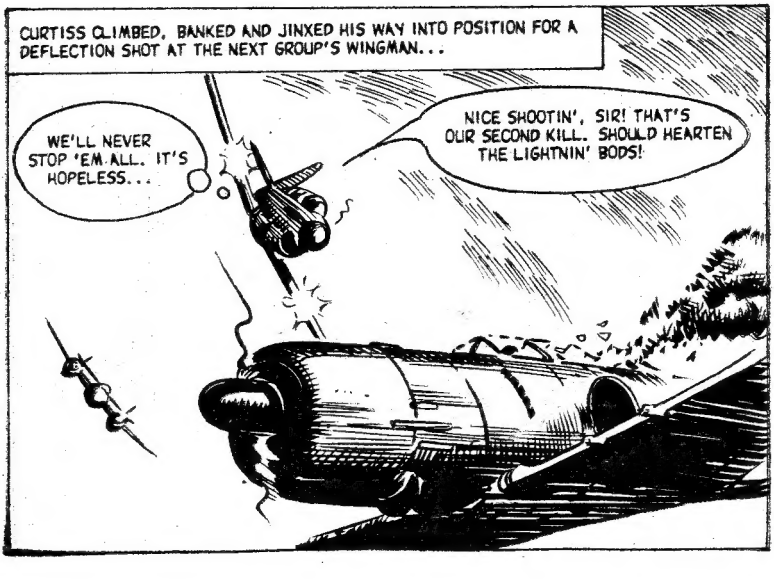

WHEN THE OCCUPYING FORCE TOOK OFF, JEFF CURTISS AND BLACKIE WENT ALONG WITH THEM.
IF WE STAY WITH THIS MOB MUCH LONGER, I'LL BE TALKIN' LIKE A YANK.

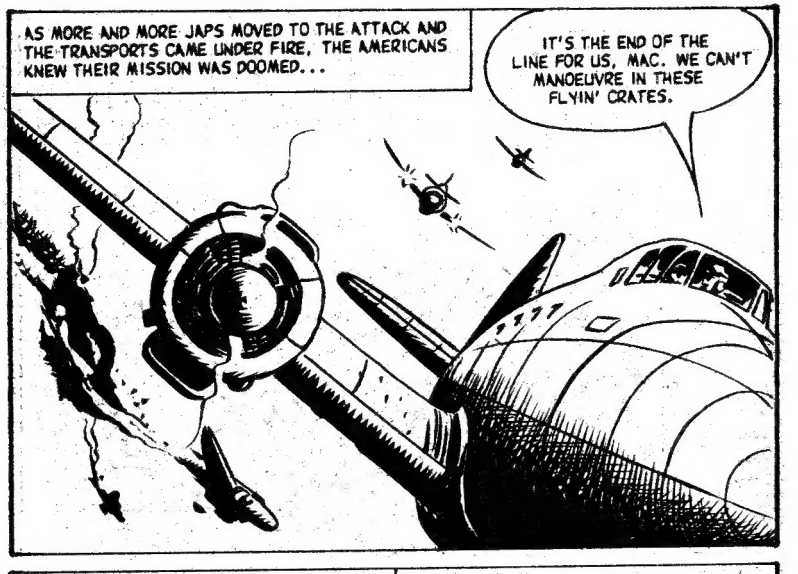

THE SPIRITS OF THE OCCUPYING FORCE SOARED AS THE ARCHIPELAGO CAME STEADILY NEARER.
ONLY TWENTY MINUTES MORE, BLACKIE. WITH LUCK, WE SHOULD MANAGE SOME FISHING AND SWIMMING AT THIS SPOT.
YOU CAN SAY SWIMMIN' AGAIN, SIR. I'M MELTIN' BACK HERE.

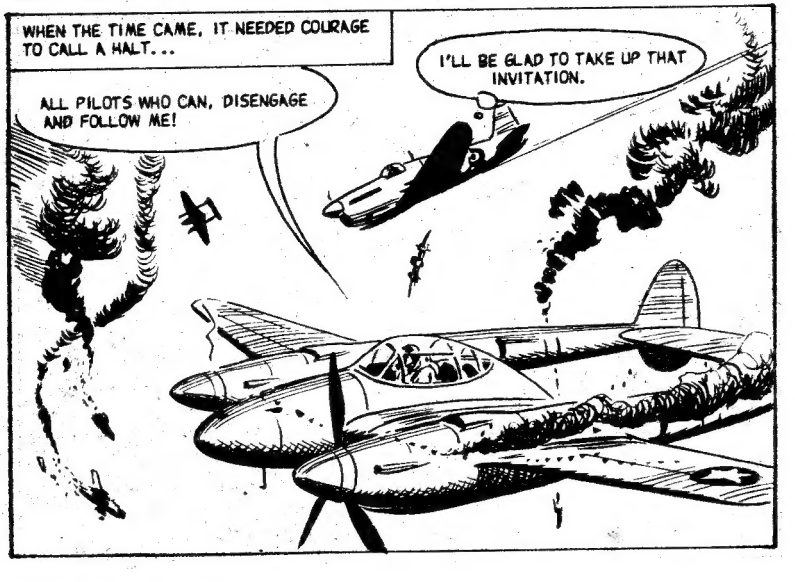

THE STRATEGIC IMPORTANCE OF KYUTU WAS ALSO KNOWN TO THE IMPERIAL NIPPON . ABOARD A JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER...
A TOP PRIORITY RADIO MESSAGE FROM NAGASAKI, SIR!
THEN READ IT OUT, YOU FOOL!

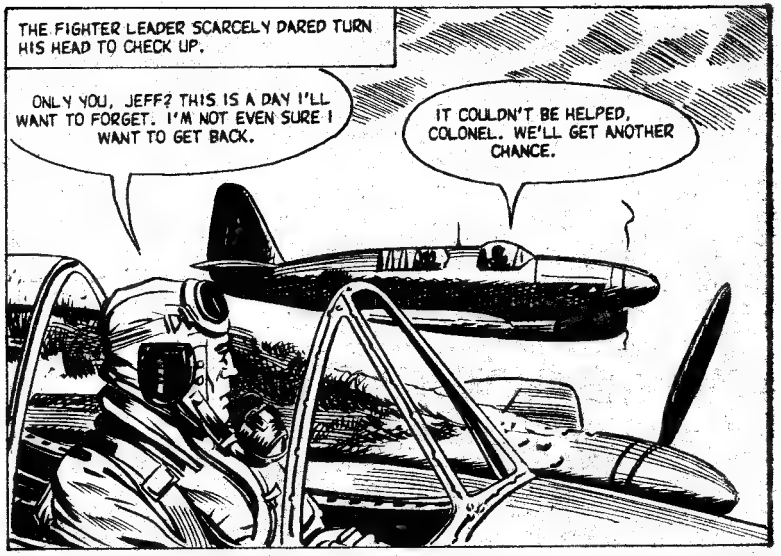
THE MESSAGE ELECTRIFIED THE BRIDGE PERSONNEL.
IF U. S. FORCES OCCUPY KYUTU, THE HOME ISLANDS WILL BE THREATENED. AMERICAN PLANES MUST BE DESTROYED. REPEAT —
WELL, YOU HEARD, COMMANDER! SCRAMBLE ALL FIGHTER SQUADRONS! FULL SPEED AHEAD!
YES, SIR! AT ONCE!
JEFF CURTISS' MACHINE WAS SLIGHTLY AHEAD OF THE ESCORT WHEN. . .
PLANES AT TWO O'CLOCK, I'D SWEAR THEY WERE NIPS!
YOU'RE RIGHT! MUST BE A CARRIER ABOUT. I'LL PASS ON THE WARNING!
RED SECTION, FOLLOW ME! THE NIPS MUSTN'T GET THROUGH TO THE TRANSPORTS!
STONE ME. . . MUST BE UPWARDS OF A SCORE OF 'EM COMIN' TO GREET US. . .

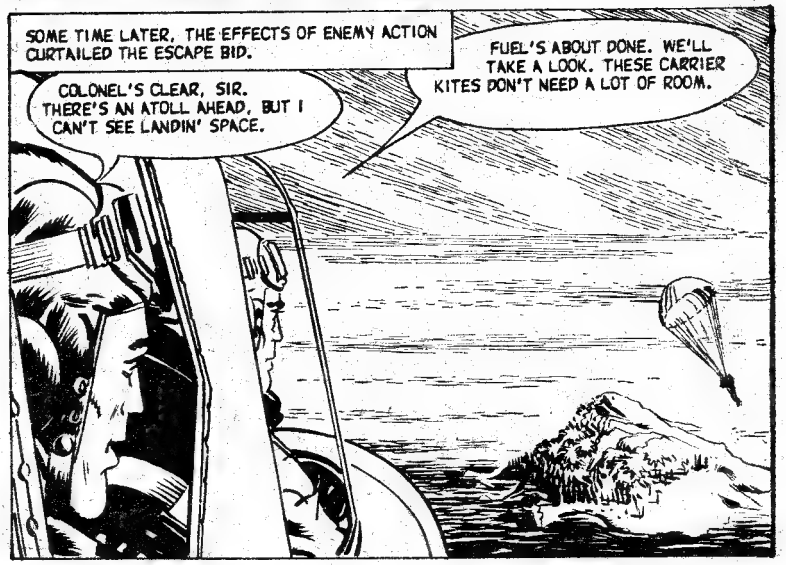

FACING THE ALLIED AIRMEN WERE JAP SUICIDE PILOTS – THE DREADED KAMIKAZE!
SEEMS AS IF THIS LOT'S GOT NO NERVES AT ALL!
YES. IT HASN'T DONE THE LEADER ANY GOOD, THOUGH.


CURTISS CLIMBED, BANKED AND JINXED HIS WAY INTO POSITION FOR A DEFLECTION SHOT AT THE NEXT GROUP'S WINGMAN...
WE'LL NEVER STOP 'EM ALL. IT'S HOPELESS...
NICE SHOOTIN', SIR! THAT'S OUR SECOND KILL. SHOULD HEARTEN THE LIGHTNIN' BODS!

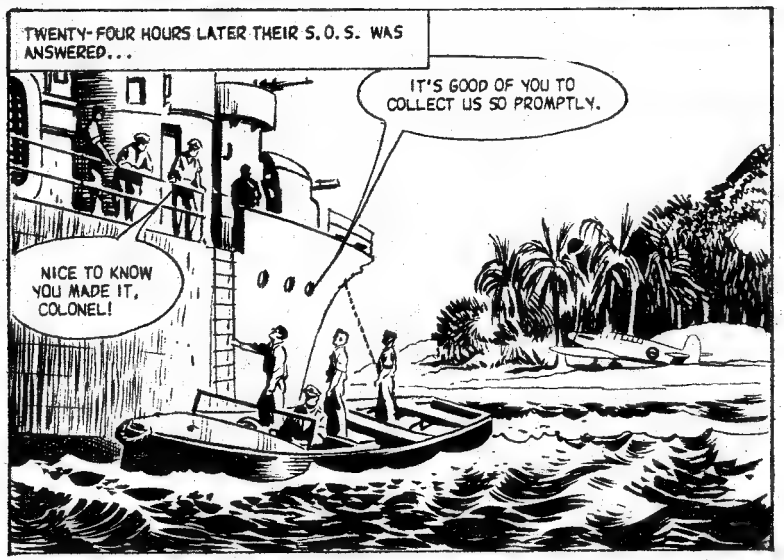

AS MORE AND MORE JAPS MOVED TO THE ATTACK AND THE TRANSPORTS CAME UNDER FIRE, THE AMERICANS KNEW THEIR MISSION WAS DOOMED...
IT'S THE END OF THE LINE FOR US, MAC. WE CAN'T MANOEUVRE IN THESE FLYIN' CRATES.


WHEN THE TIME CAME, IT NEEDED COURAGE TO CALL A HALT...
ALL PILOTS WHO CAN, DISENGAGE AND FOLLOW ME!
I'LL BE GLAD TO TAKE UP THAT INVITATION.

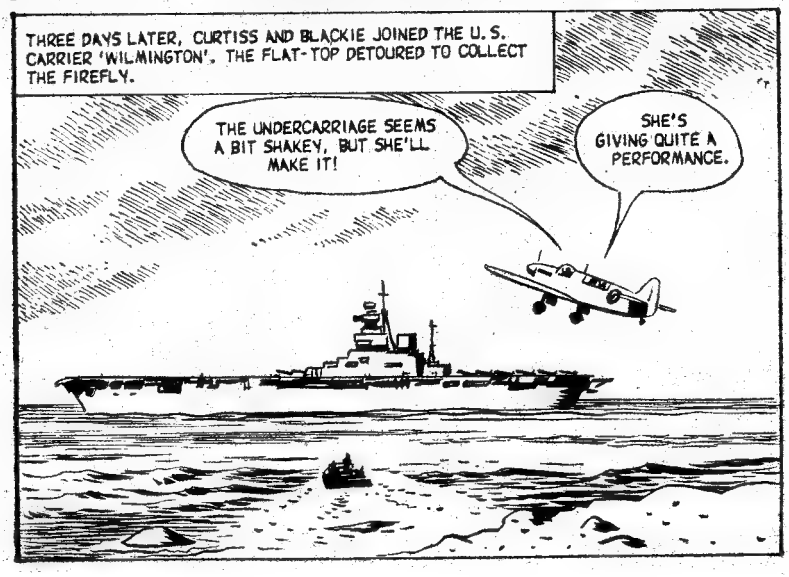

THE FIGHTER LEADER SCARCELY DARED TURN HIS HEAD TO CHECK UP.
ONLY YOU, JEFF? THIS IS A DAY I'LL WANT TO FORGET. I'M NOT EVEN SURE I WANT TO GET BACK.
IT COULDN'T BE HELPED, COLONEL. WE'LL GET ANOTHER CHANCE.

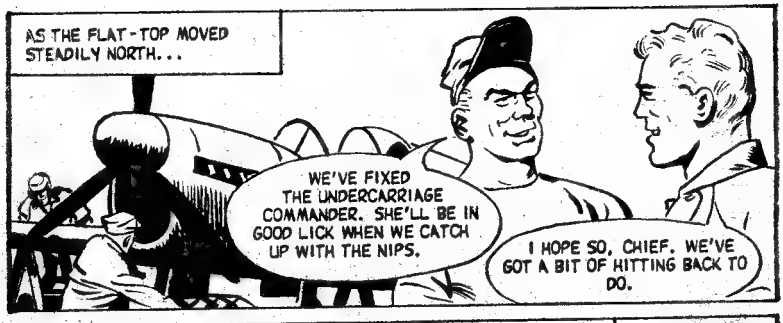

SOME TIME LATER, THE EFFECTS OF ENEMY ACTION CURTAILED THE ESCAPE BID.
FUEL'S ABOUT DONE. WE'LL TAKE A LOOK. THESE CARRIER KITES DON'T NEED A LOT OF ROOM.
COLONEL'S CLEAR, SIR. THERE'S AN ATOLL AHEAD, BUT I CAN'T SEE LANDIN' SPACE.

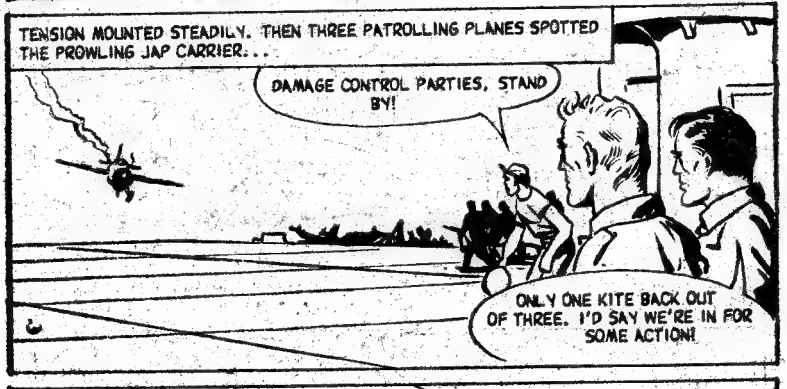
COLONEL BRAD SPENCER WATCHED, FASCINATED, AS JEFF CURTISS ATTEMPTED THE TRICKY LANDING.
WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, BLACKIE?
SEEMS THE LIMEY BOYS 'HAVE MADE IT...
COR...THAT'S THE NEAREST I'VE BEEN TO CLIMBIN' A TREE FOR YEARS!


TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER THEIR S.O.S. WAS ANSWERED...
IT'S GOOD OF YOU TO COLLECT US SO PROMPTLY.
NICE TO KNOW YOU MADE IT, COLONEL!

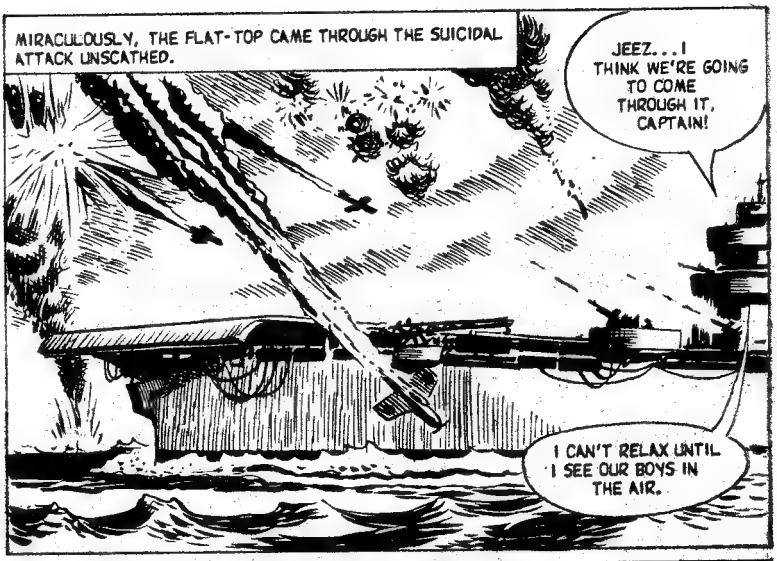
BACK AT THE BASE IN NEW GUINEA...
THAT'S HOW IT WAS. COMMANDER CURTISS CAN CONFIRM IT.
NOW SEE HERE, COLONEL, NEITHER YOU NOR THE COMMANDER HAVE ANYTHING TO BLAME YOURSELVES FOR.
I'LL BRING UP A FLAT-TOP TO TAKE CARE OF THAT JAP HORNETS' NEST!

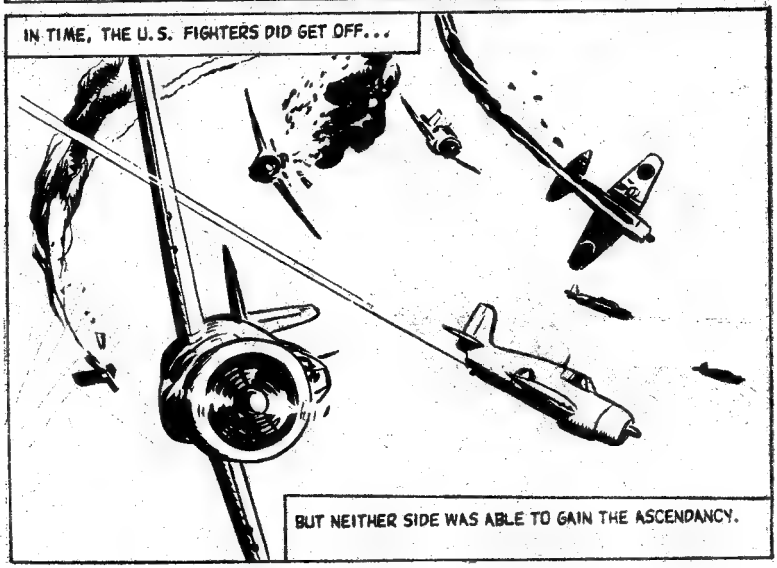

THREE DAYS LATER, CURTISS AND BLACKIE JOINED THE U.S. CARRIER 'WILMINGTON'. THE FLAT-TOP DETOURED TO COLLECT THE FIREFLY.
THE UNDERCARRIAGE SEEMS A BIT SHAKEY, BUT SHE'LL MAKE IT!
SHE'S GIVING QUITE A PERFORMANCE.

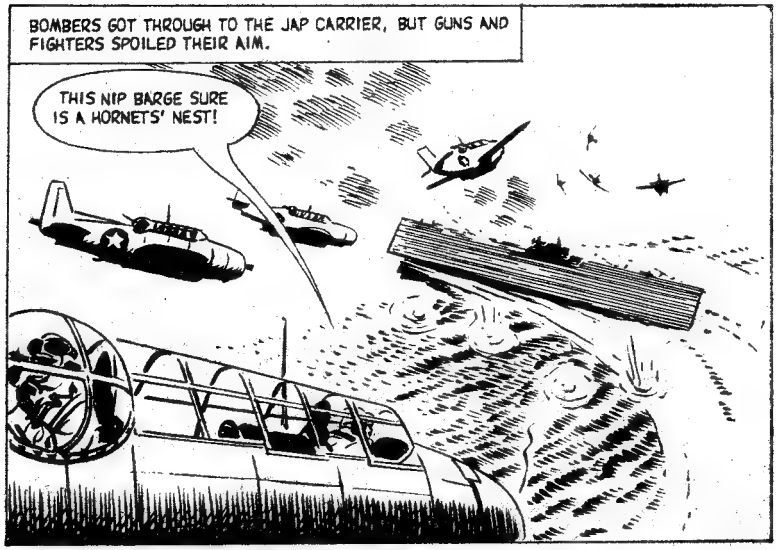

AS THE FLAT-TOP MOVED STEADILY NORTH...
WE'VE FIXED THE UNDERCARRIAGE COMMANDER. SHE'LL BE IN GOOD LICK WHEN WE CATCH UP WITH THE NIPS.
I HOPE SO, CHIEF. WE'VE GOT A BIT OF HITTING BACK TO DO.


TENSION MOUNTED STEADILY. THEN THREE PATROLLING PLANES SPOTTED THE PROWLING JAP CARRIER...
DAMAGE CONTROL PARTIES, STAND BY!
ONLY ONE KITE BACK OUT OF THREE. I'D SAY WE'RE IN FOR SOME ACTION!

THE ACTION CAME QUICKER THAN ANYONE EXPECTED...
ALL GUNS' CREWS STAND BY TO REPEL KAMIKAZE!

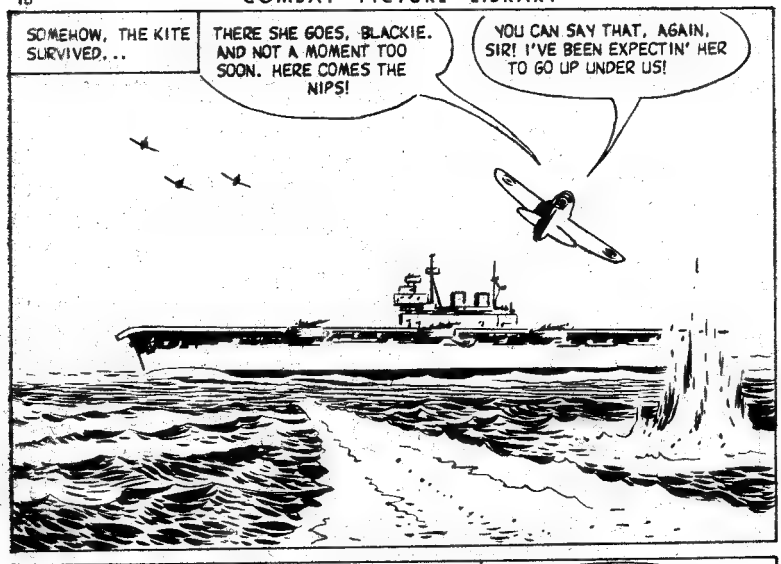

MIRACULOUSLY, THE FLAT-TOP CAME THROUGH THE SUICIDAL ATTACK UNSCATHED.
JEEZ... I THINK WE'RE GOING TO COME THROUGH IT, CAPTAIN!
I CAN'T RELAX UNTIL I SEE OUR BOYS IN THE AIR.

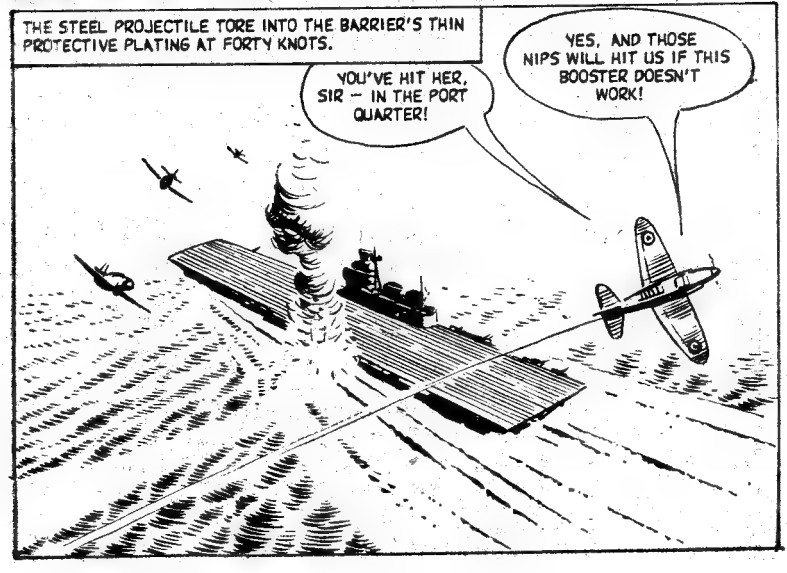

IN TIME, THE U.S. FIGHTERS DID GET OFF...
BUT NEITHER SIDE WAS ABLE TO GAIN THE ASCENDANCY.


BOMBERS GOT THROUGH TO THE JAP CARRIER, BUT GUNS AND FIGHTERS SPOILED THEIR AIM.
THIS NIP BARGE SURE IS A HORNETS' NEST!

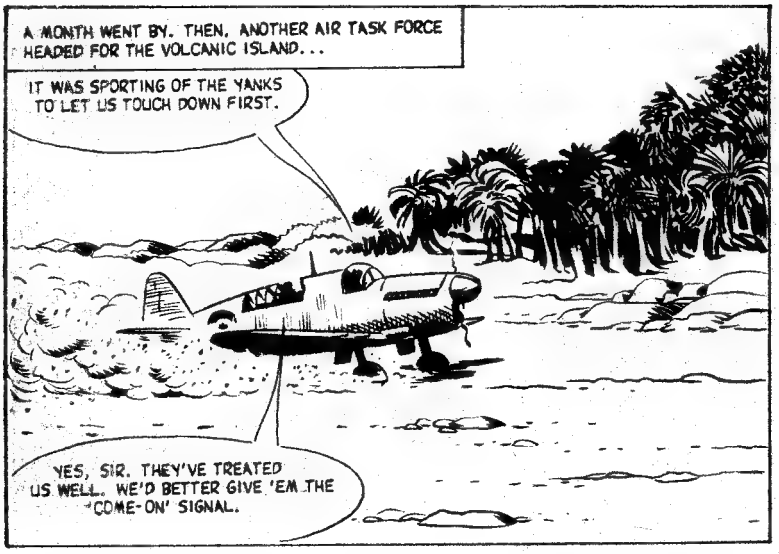
AS THE U. S. LOSSES MOUNTED, TO NO AVAIL, JEFF CURTISS YEARNED FOR ACTION.
YES, THE JAPS ARE CERTAINLY TAKING A TOLL, COMMANDER. YOU GOT ANY NEW IDEAS?
I'D LIKE TO TAKE MY PLANE UP AND TRY A TORPEDO, SIR.

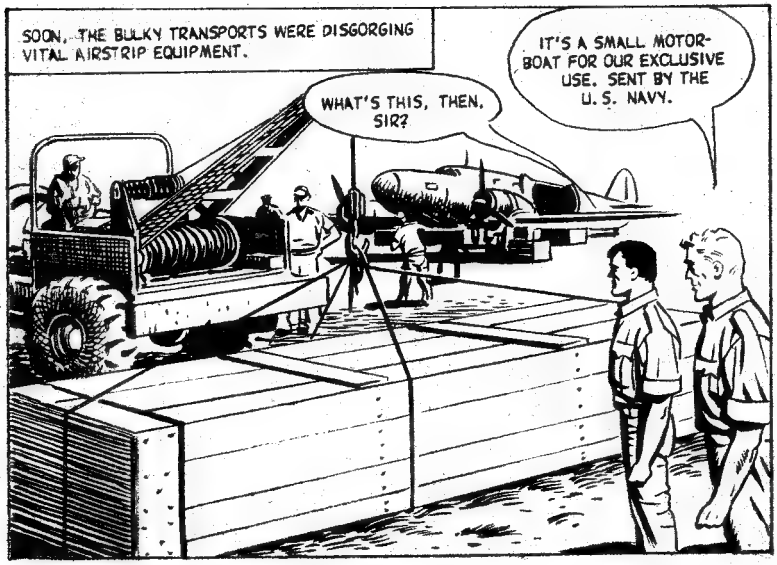
AFTER A SHORT DISCUSSION, THE CAPTAIN AGREED...
FOR A TIME I DIDN'T THINK THE SKIPPER WOULD LET US, SIR.
HE HAD TO, BLACKIE. HE'S UP AGAINST IT.
THE U.S. BOMBERS HAD ACTUALLY BEEN BEATEN OFF...
TORPEDO BOMBER ON THE PORT QUARTER, SIR!
SO IT IS. AND ALL OUR PLANES ARE AWAY. STAND BY FOR A SPLASH BARRAGE!
SPLASH BARRAGES WRECKED MANY PLANES IN WORLD WAR II. NOW, PLUNGING SHELLS WERE THROWING UP TOWERING WALLS OF WATER IN THE FIREFLY'S PATH.
HELL! THAT JAP SKIPPER CERTAINLY KNOWS HIS STUFF!
WE'VE JUST GOT TO GET THROUGH! WE MUST!

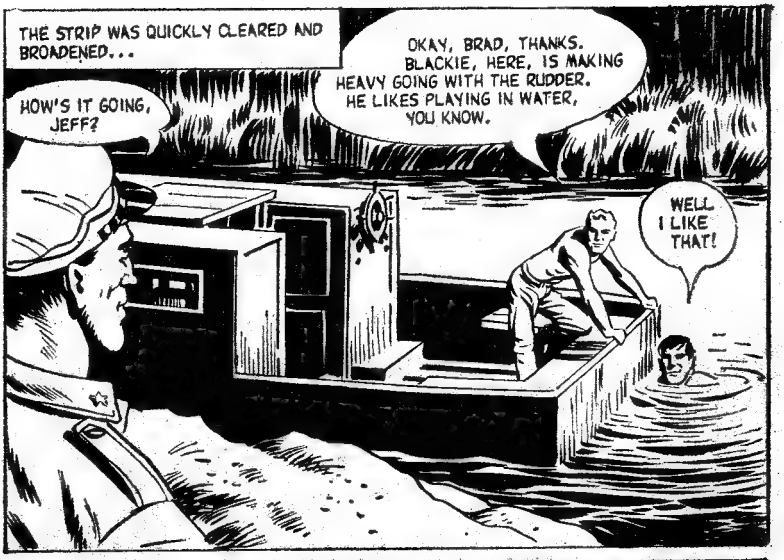

SOMEHOW, THE KITE SURVIVED...
THERE SHE GOES, BLACKIE. AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. HERE COMES THE NIPS!
YOU CAN SAY THAT, AGAIN, SIR! I'VE BEEN EXPECTIN' HER TO GO UP UNDER US!

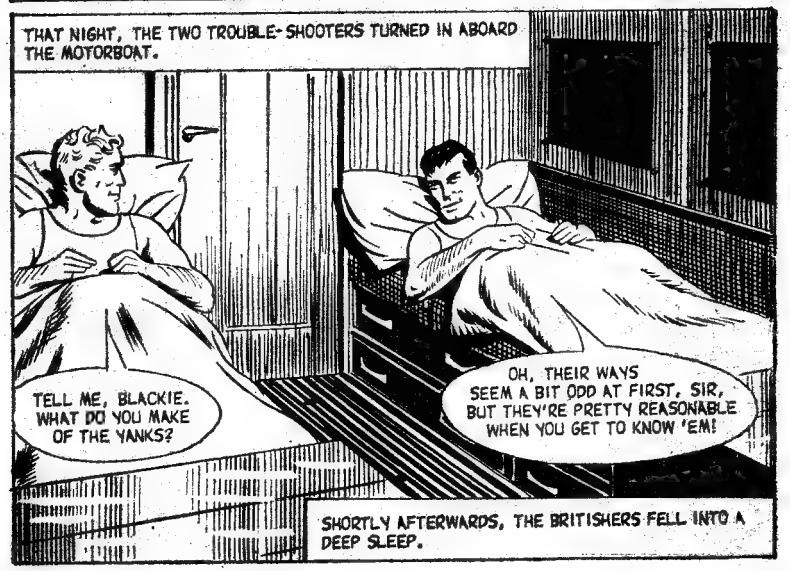

THE STEEL PROJECTILE TORE INTO THE BARRIER'S THIN PROTECTIVE PLATING AT FORTY KNOTS.
YOU'VE HIT HER, SIR — IN THE PORT QUARTER!
YES, AND THOSE NIPS WILL HIT US IF THIS BOOSTER DOESN'T WORK!

GREAT EFFORTS WERE MADE TO ELIMINATE THE LONE BRITISH PLANE, BUT...
GET OUT, YOU SLANT-EYED SKUNK! THAT LIMEY'S WORTH ANY THREE OF YOU!
FIREFLY EVADED THE PURSUERS, AND GRADUALLY THE PLANES FROM THE STRICKEN CARRIER WERE ELIMINATED.
SHE CAN'T LAST LONG, AND HER PLANES ARE DOOMED. CALL OUR BOYS IN, COMMANDER!
YES, SIR! THAT LIMEY'S A REAL HERO...
BACK AT BASE, GENERAL DILWATER WAS DELIGHTED AT THE OUTCOME, ALTHOUGH IT HAD BEEN COSTLY.
THANKS TO THE NAVY AND OUR TWO BRITISH FRIENDS NOTHING CAN KEEP THE U.S.A.A.F. OFF KYUTU NOW. I TAKE IT YOU'LL BE GOING ALONG WITH US, COMMANDER?
WE'LL BE GLAD TO, SIR.
CAN'T SAY HOW PLEASED I AM, JEFF!


A MONTH WENT BY. THEN, ANOTHER AIR TASK FORCE HEADED FOR THE VOLCANIC ISLAND...
IT WAS SPORTING OF THE YANKS TO LET US TOUCH DOWN FIRST.
YES, SIR. THEY'VE TREATED US WELL. WE'D BETTER GIVE 'EM THE 'COME-ON' SIGNAL.


SOON, THE BULKY TRANSPORTS WERE DISGORGING VITAL AIRSTRIP EQUIPMENT.
WHAT'S THIS, THEN, SIR?
IT'S A SMALL MOTOR-BOAT FOR OUR EXCLUSIVE USE. SENT BY THE U. S. NAVY.


THE STRIP WAS QUICKLY CLEARED AND BROADENED...
HOW'S IT GOING, JEFF?
OKAY, BRAD, THANKS. BLACKIE, HERE, IS MAKING HEAVY GOING WITH THE RUDDER. HE LIKES PLAYING IN WATER, YOU KNOW.
WELL, I LIKE THAT!


THAT NIGHT, THE TWO TROUBLE-SHOOTERS TURNED IN ABOARD THE MOTORBOAT.
TELL ME, BLACKIE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE YANKS?
OH, THEIR WAYS SEEM A BIT ODD AT FIRST, SIR, BUT THEY'RE PRETTY REASONABLE WHEN YOU GET TO KNOW 'EM!
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE BRITISHERS FELL INTO A DEEP SLEEP.

UNKNOWN TO THE AMERICANS, THE STRANGE ISLAND OF KYUTU HAD RECEIVED OTHER VISITORS BEFORE THEM...
SEE! THE YANKEES HAVE BUILT THEMSELVES HUTS!
COME, WE WILL MOVE CLOSER.
SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE NIGHT SOUNDS WERE DROWNED BY THE STACCATO POUNDING OF JAP MACHINE-GUNS...
TUMBLE OUT, YOU GUYS, WE'RE BEIN' ATTACKED!
ON HIGHER GROUND, MORTARS OPENED UP.
HELL! THEY CAN HAVE KYUTU FOR ME!
FOR GOSH-SAKES... SHOW YOURSELVES, WILL YER?

BY THIS TIME, THE BRITISHERS WERE ON THE ALERT. BLACKIE'S FIGHTING BLOOD WAS UP.
HOLD IT, LAD! IT'S A MASSACRE. THE BOAT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
WAIT! SIR! THERE'S COLONEL SPENCER! HE NEEDS HELP!
JEFF! JEFF CURTISS!

WITH TWO BULLETS IN HIM, BRAD SPENCER SLUMPED TO THE GROUND...
FIND THE AMERICAN COLONEL! I WANT HIM!
COVER ME, BLACKIE!
EASIER SAID THAN DONE, IN THIS LIGHT...

CURTISS'S RESCUE ACT WAS ALMOST TOO LATE.
COWARDS! SCUM! RUSH HIM! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN!
TOO EXPOSED HERE... THIS COULD BE THE END!

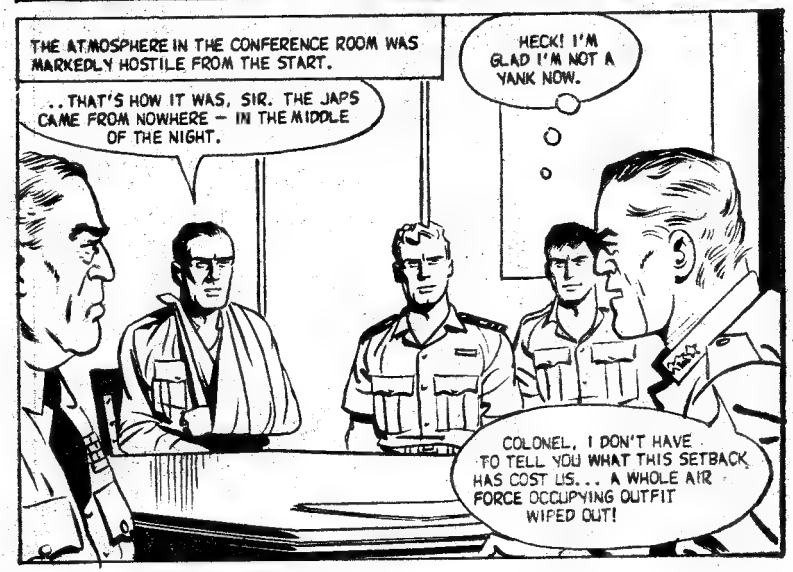
IT WAS ALMOST THE END...
GOOD JOB I DIDN'T STICK DOWN BY THE CREEK...
HEAVENS BE PRAISED... BLACKIE'S USING HIS HEAD...

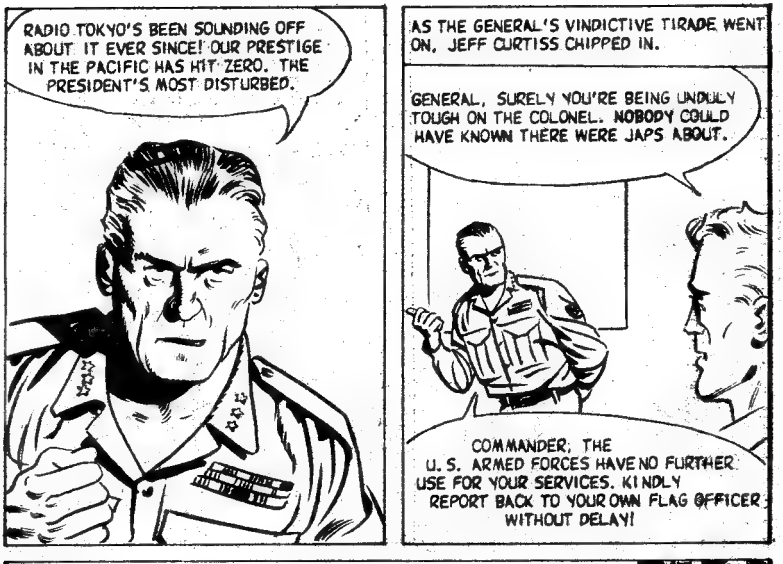
GREAT SHOOTING, BLACKIE! PULL OUT WHEN YOU CAN — IF YOU CAN HEAR ME!
YOU WANT YOUR EYES SKINNED FOR THIS LARK! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!

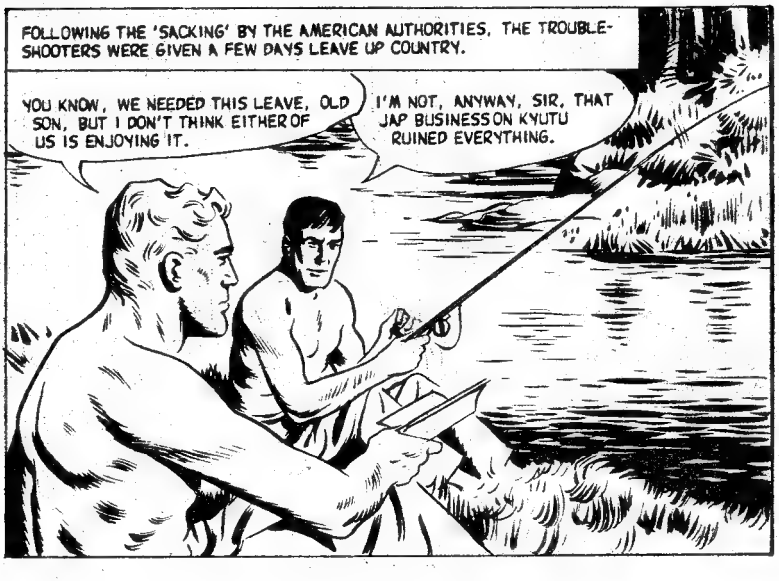
BLACKIE'S INSPIRED GUNNERY WON THEM A BRIEF RESPITE.
WE'VE LEFT THEM BEHIND, SIR.
GOOD. THEY'VE NO CLEAR IDEA WHERE WE ARE.

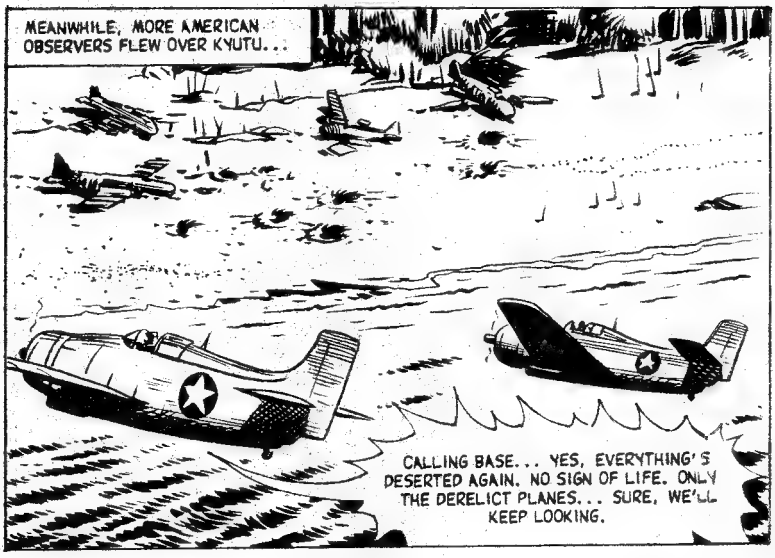
THE MOTORBOAT ELUDED PURSUIT. TOWARDS DAWN, ON A TINY ATOLL...
IT'S BECOMING A HABIT — YOU GETTING ME OUT OF TROUBLE.
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, BRAD. BUT THAT JAP ATTACK PUZZLED ME, I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT ISLAND WAS DESERTED.
THE OLD GENERAL WILL BLOW HIS TOP THIS TIME.

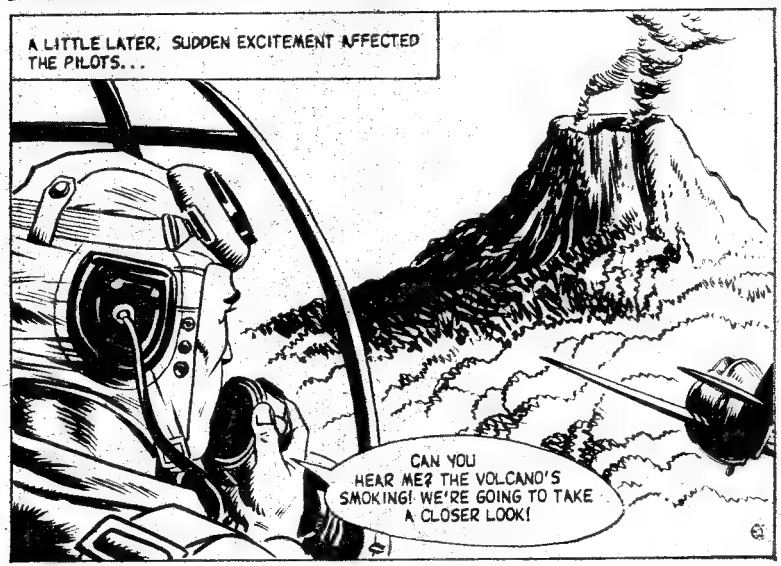
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WELL SOUTH OF KYUTU, JEFF CURTISS RADIOED FOR HELP. AGAIN, THE U.S. NAVY CAME TO THE RESCUE...
MESSAGE FROM GENERAL DILWATER, SIR, THE SURVIVORS ARE REQUIRED AT H.Q. IMMEDIATELY.
VERY WELL.


THE ATMOSPHERE IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM WAS MARKEDLY HOSTILE FROM THE START.
..THAT'S HOW IT WAS, SIR. THE JAPS CAME FROM NOWHERE – IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.
HECK! I'M GLAD I'M NOT A YANK NOW.
COLONEL, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHAT THIS SETBACK HAS COST US... A WHOLE AIR FORCE OCCUPYING OUTFIT WIPED OUT!


RADIO TOKYO'S BEEN SOUNDING OFF ABOUT IT EVER SINCE! OUR PRESTIGE IN THE PACIFIC HAS HIT ZERO. THE PRESIDENT'S MOST DISTURBED.
AS THE GENERAL'S VINDICTIVE TIRADE WENT ON, JEFF CURTISS CHIPPED IN.
GENERAL, SURELY YOU'RE BEING UNDULY TOUGH ON THE COLONEL. NOBODY COULD HAVE KNOWN THERE WERE JAPS ABOUT.
COMMANDER; THE U. S. ARMED FORCES HAVE NO FURTHER USE FOR YOUR SERVICES. KINDLY REPORT BACK TO YOUR OWN FLAG OFFICER WITHOUT DELAY!


FOLLOWING THE 'SACKING' BY THE AMERICAN AUTHORITIES, THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS WERE GIVEN A FEW DAYS LEAVE UP COUNTRY.
YOU KNOW, WE NEEDED THIS LEAVE, OLD SON, BUT I DON'T THINK EITHER OF US IS ENJOYING IT.
I'M NOT, ANYWAY, SIR, THAT JAP BUSINESS ON KYUTU RUINED EVERYTHING.


MEANWHILE, MORE AMERICAN OBSERVERS FLEW OVER KYUTU...
CALLING BASE... YES, EVERYTHING'S DESERTED AGAIN. NO SIGN OF LIFE. ONLY THE DERELICT PLANES... SURE, WE'LL KEEP LOOKING.


A LITTLE LATER, SUDDEN EXCITEMENT AFFECTED THE PILOTS...
CAN YOU HEAR ME? THE VOLCANO'S SMOKING! WE'RE GOING TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK!

BUT A GRIM SHOCK AWAITED THE AMERICAN FLYERS...
OH NO... IT CAN'T BE! AAAAGH!
THE TRANSMISSION SUDDENLY CEASED, LEAVING THE BASE LISTENERS STUNNED.

THE OTHER PLANE'S GONE DEAD ON US, TOO GENERAL. IT WAS ALMOST AS IF THEY WERE ATTACKED, OR SHOT DOWN!
IF ONLY THEY COULD HAVE SAID WHAT IT WAS...
I GUESS JEFF CURTISS OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT THIS.

BRAD FOUND HIS TWO BRITISH COMRADES IN A CAFE. TIRED OF INACTION, THEY HAD RETURNED TO TOWN.
DERELICT PLANES, AN EXTINCT VOLCANO SMOKING, AND TWO MORE PLANES LOST. HOW DOES IT SOUND TO YOU, BLACKIE?
BLACK MAGIC, SIR. OR AT LEAST YELLOW MAGIC!
PUZZLED AND ANNOYED, JEFF CURTISS SOUGHT OUT AN EMINENT PROFESSOR WHO HAD SETTLED IN THE DISTRICT.
MOUNT KYUTU ACTIVE AGAIN, JEFF? BUNKUM! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
WELL YOU SHOULD KNOW, SIR. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
NEXT CURTISS TOOK UP THE MATTER WITH THE BRITISH FLAG OFFICER.
AND I THINK RADIO-CONTROLLED PLANES OUGHT TO VISIT KYUTU, SIR, OBSERVED BY A SMALL SURFACE VESSEL.
HMM... JUST NOW THERE S ONLY ONE BRITISH SHIP IN — A DESTROYER. THERE'S AN M.L. ON ITS WAY, THOUGH.
A TRIP ON AN M.L. WOULD BE A CHANGE...

WHILE THE FLAG OFFICER PERSUADED THE AMERICANS TO LAY ON RADIO-CONTROLLED PLANES, JEFF CURTISS AND BLACKIE WITNESSED THE ARRIVAL OF THE M.L.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW, IT'S 'KESTREL'!

WE DO BUMP INTO LIEUTENANT FORBES IN SOME ODD SPOTS AND NO MISTAKE.

LIEUTENANT FORBES, R.N.V.R., AND THE 'KESTREL' HAD SHARED SEVERAL PREVIOUS ADVENTURES WITH THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS.

WELCOME ABOARD, SIR. WE HAVEN'T MET SINCE THAT ITALIAN CHARIOT BUSINESS IN THE MED!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU. YOU'VE GAINED A POUND OR TWO IN WEIGHT SINCE THEN.

HE STANDS A GOOD CHANCE OF LOSIN' IT AGAIN, SIR, NOW OUR PATHS HAVE CROSSED!

IN 'KESTREL'S' ALL-PURPOSE CABIN, THE THREE FRIENDS TOASTED THEIR MEETING IN NAVY RUM.

EXCUSE ME, SIR. THE ADMIRAL'S CAR HAS JUST PULLED UP ON THE JETTY!

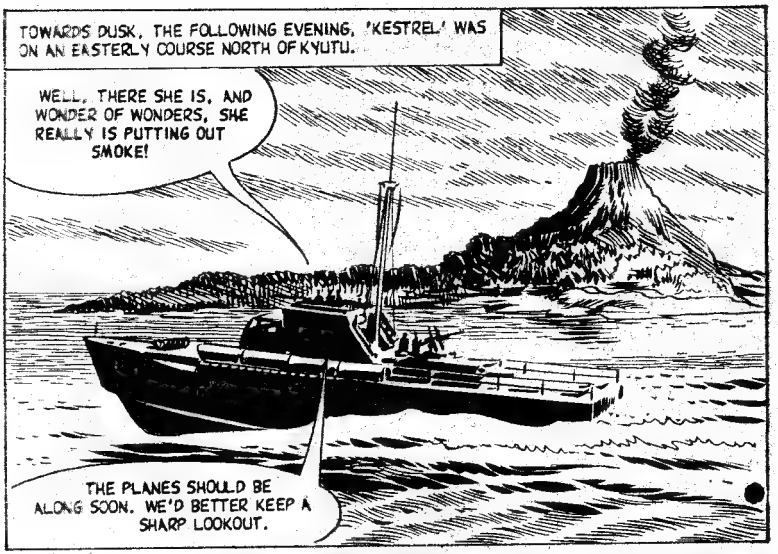
WHAT? BETTER STAND BY TO PIPE HIM ABOARD, THEN.

HE HASN'T WASTED MUCH TIME ON THE YANKS.

DODGING CEREMONIAL, THE ADMIRAL DUCKED INTO THE CABIN.
YOU TOOK US BY SURPRISE, SIR.
I DID IT DELIBERATELY, FORBES. WELCOME TO NEW GUINEA.

GENERAL DILWATER WAS A BIT DIFFICULT AT FIRST, BUT HE FINALLY AGREED TO LAY ON THE PLANES.
AND 'KESTREL' IS TO DO THE OBSERVING, SIR?
WE'LL HAVE TO GIVE FORBES THE DETAILS.

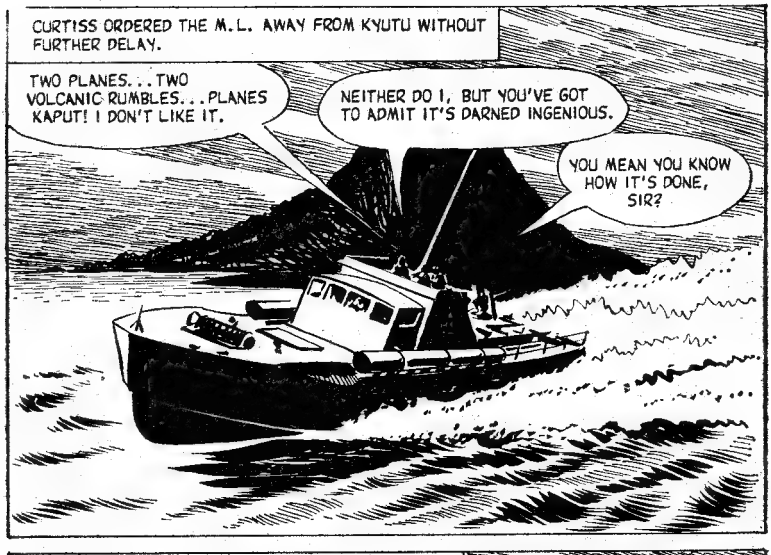
HALF AN HOUR LATER, BOTH THE ADMIRAL AND FORBES WERE FULLY BRIEFED ABOUT THE KYUTU AFFAIR TO DATE.
YOU SLIP AT 1400 TOMORROW. THE PLANES WILL APPROACH AT DUSK. THE BEST OF LUCK!
THANK YOU, SIR. WE'LL COLLECT ALL NECESSARY GEAR IN THE MORNING.

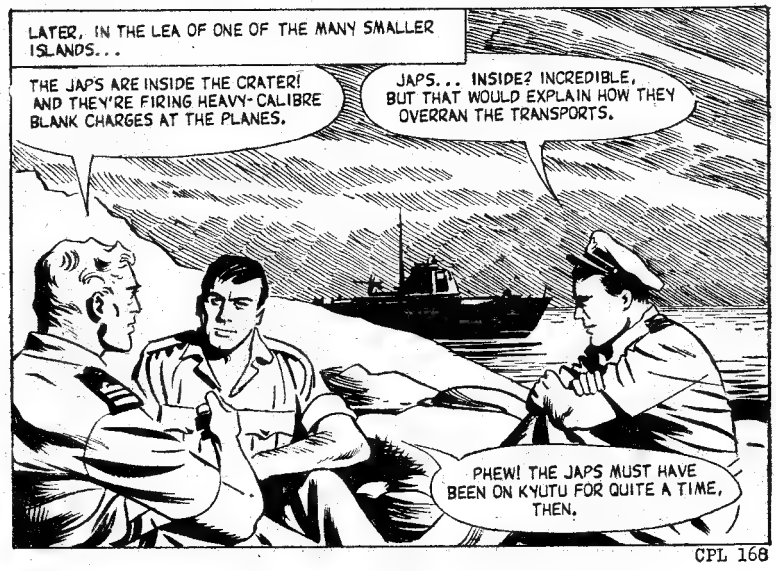

TOWARDS DUSK, THE FOLLOWING EVENING, 'KESTREL' WAS ON AN EASTERLY COURSE NORTH OF KYUTU.
WELL, THERE SHE IS, AND WONDER OF WONDERS, SHE REALLY IS PUTTING OUT SMOKE!
THE PLANES SHOULD BE ALONG SOON. WE'D BETTER KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT.

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS...
HERE COME THE PLANES NOW. I WANT YOU TO ALTER COURSE SOUTH, KEEP THE VOLCANO UNDER CONSTANT OBSERVATION, AND LISTEN HARD!
...WISH I COULD GUESS WHAT THE GUV'NOR'S THEORY IS...

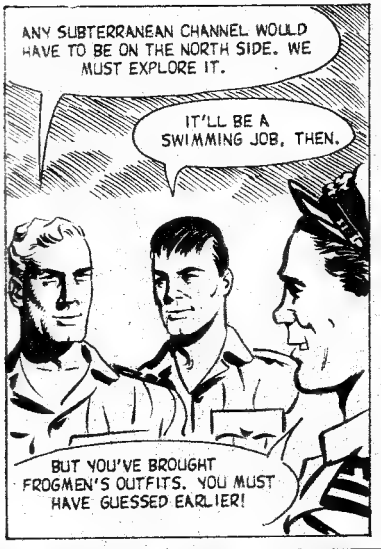
IN SPITE OF JEFF CURTISS'S SPECIFIC ORDERS, THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FIRST PLANE TOOK THE OTHER-TWO'S ATTENTIONS...
GLORY BE... SHE — SHE JUST FOLDED UP.
DID YOU SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING FROM THE LAND?
I HEARD A SORT OF RUMBLE, SIR. OUR ENGINES ARE PRETTY NOISY, THOUGH.

TWO MINUTES LATER...
IT SOUNDED AS THOUGH THE VOLCANO WAS COUGHING THAT TIME!
EXIT THE OTHER PLANE! IT'S UNCANNY!
AH! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!

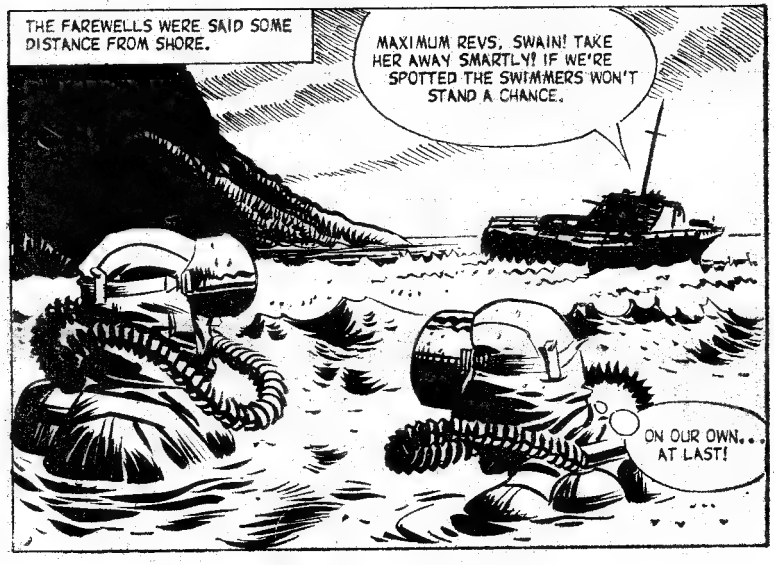

CURTISS ORDERED THE M.L. AWAY FROM KYUTU WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.
TWO PLANES...TWO VOLCANIC RUMBLES...PLANES KAPUT! I DON'T LIKE IT.
NEITHER DO I, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT'S DARNED INGENIOUS.
YOU MEAN YOU KNOW HOW IT'S DONE, SIR?


LATER, IN THE LEA OF ONE OF THE MANY SMALLER ISLANDS...
THE JAPS ARE INSIDE THE CRATER! AND THEY'RE FIRING HEAVY-CALIBRE BLANK CHARGES AT THE PLANES.
JAPS... INSIDE? INCREDIBLE, BUT THAT WOULD EXPLAIN HOW THEY OVERRAN THE TRANSPORTS.
PHEW! THE JAPS MUST HAVE BEEN ON KYUTU FOR QUITE A TIME, THEN.

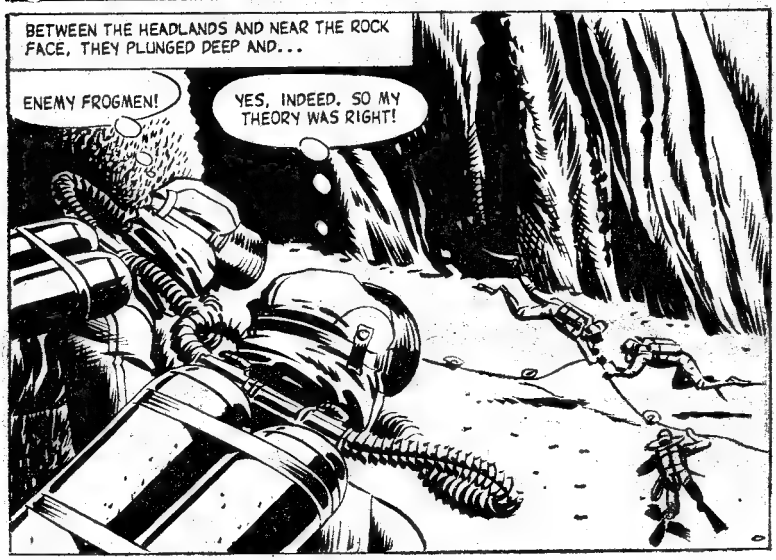
YOU MEAN THE PLANES ARE WRECKED BY A SUDDEN UPTHRUST OF AIR, SIR?
THAT'S IT. AND THEY'RE PUTTING UP FAKED SMOKE IN THE HOPE IT'LL BE BLAMED ON THE VOLCANO!
I STILL DON'T SEE...
IT'S BEEN DONE BEFORE, THIS FIRING OF BLANK CHARGES AGAINST AIRCRAFT. OUR BATTLEWAGONS DID IT ON MALTA CONVOY RUNS.
SO THEY DID! AND IT CERTAINLY SHATTERED THE AXIS FORMATIONS.
I REMEMBER IT, NOW, BUT I THOUGHT THE JAPS HAD NO IMAGINATION.
FURTHER DISCUSSION CONVINCED FORBES AND BLACKIE THAT JEFF CURTISS WAS RIGHT.
IT'S MY BELIEF THE JAPS ARRIVE AND LEAVE THE ISLAND UNSEEN.
BUT THAT WOULD MEAN A SUBTERRANEAN APPROACH!
SUBMARINES! BUT WHY NOT...?


ANY SUBTERRANEAN CHANNEL WOULD HAVE TO BE ON THE NORTH SIDE. WE MUST EXPLORE IT.
IT'LL BE A SWIMMING JOB, THEN.
BUT YOU'VE BROUGHT FROGMEN'S OUTFITS. YOU MUST HAVE GUESSED EARLIER!

THE ACTUAL EXPLORATION WAS THOUGHT TO REQUIRE SOME DAYLIGHT. SO, TOWARDS THE FOLLOWING DAWN...
WE'LL LOOK FOR YOU AT DUSK, THEN, COMMANDER.
YES PLEASE. IF THERE'S NO JAP ACTIVITY, WE'LL USE SHOULDER LIGHTS.


THE FAREWELLS WERE SAID SOME DISTANCE FROM SHORE.
MAXIMUM REVS, SWAIN! TAKE HER AWAY SMARTLY! IF WE'RE SPOTTED THE SWIMMERS WON'T STAND A CHANCE.
ON OUR OWN... AT LAST!

ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...
THAT MUST BE THE WAY. SEE HOW THE WATER RIPS IN BETWEEN THE HEADLANDS?
WE'LL SOON KNOW NOW, SIR. HOPE WE DON'T MEET ANY SUBS ON THE MOVE.


BETWEEN THE HEADLANDS AND NEAR THE ROCK FACE, THEY PLUNGED DEEP AND...
ENEMY FROGMEN!
YES, INDEED. SO MY THEORY WAS RIGHT!

UNDAUNTED BY THE RISK OF BEING SPOTTED, CURTISS LED THE WAY IN...
I WONDER JUST WHAT WE'LL FIND AT THE END OF THIS CHANNEL?

WHEN THEY SURFACED, THE SIGHT BEFORE THEM WAS A STARTLING ONE.
A PROPER LITTLE ALADDIN'S CAVE!
PHEW! THE JAPS ARE MORE AMBITIOUS THAN I THOUGHT! A COMPLETE SUBMARINE BASIN!

THE INTREPID PAIR SUBMERGED AGAIN AND MOVED TO THE STONE STEPS.
GET THOSE FROGMEN, SIR. THEY'RE WHITE PROBABLY GERMANS!
PRECISELY. THAT MAKES ME THINK WE COULD PENETRATE FURTHER WITHOUT BEING DETECTED.

WITH THAT COLOSSAL NERVE WHICH HAD CARRIED THEM THROUGH SO MANY EARLIER ADVENTURES, THE PAIR STEPPED ASHORE.
IF ANYONE CHALLENGES US, LEAVE THE TALKING TO ME. I'LL TRY A BIT OF GERMAN ON THEM.
YOU'RE THE LINGUIST, SIR, AN' I'VE NOTHIN' TO SAY IN ANY CASE.

NOBODY APPEARED TO BAR THEIR UPWARD PROGRESS THROUGH THE PASSAGES AND STAIRS.
IT'S THE GUN CHAMBER I'M LOOKING FOR. SHOULD BE RIGHT AHEAD OF US!
WELL, I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU, SIR!

FINALLY, JEFF CURTISS STEPPED THROUGH A DOOR INTO THE BREECH CHAMBER ITSELF.
GOSH! WHAT A SET-UP! JUST LIKE YOU IMAGINED, I EXPECT.
MORE OR LESS. THE PLANES WERE DESTROYED FROM HERE, WITHOUT A DOUBT.

THEIR QUIET APPRAISAL WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPED.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? YOU SHOULD BE SHOT!
TAKE IT EASY. WE WERE ONLY SHOWING A POLITE INTEREST.
JEFF'S GERMAN ISN'T HAVIN' MUCH EFFECT ON THE NIP...

THE SITUATION WAS RAPIDLY DETERIORATING WHEN...
I'LL BE GIVIN' YOU A FEW REAL OLD COCKNEY OATHS IN A MINUTE, MATE!
FOOLS! DOLTS! LOWER YOUR WEAPONS AND CLEAR OUT! OUR GERMAN ALLIES ARE NOT TO BE OFFENDED!

THE SENTRIES RETIRED AS QUICKLY AS THEY HAD APPEARED. CURTISS STEPPED FORWARD, THANKED THE MAJOR, AND SHOWED KEEN INTEREST.
WITH THESE WEAPONS WE CAN COMMAND A WIDE TARGET AREA. BELIEVE ME, THE AMERICANS WILL NEVER FIGURE THIS ONE OUT.
THE WHOLE SET-UP IS A WONDERFUL FEAT OF ENGINEERING, MAJOR.

HAVING SHOWN THE GUN CHAMBER, THE TALKATIVE OFFICER CONDUCTED THEM UP TO THE HIGHEST ROOM.
A FURNACE... FOR THROWIN' OUT SMOKE TO ORDER.
AND BY WORKING THIS LEVER WE DISCOURAGE UNWANTED VISITORS BY SHOWING MOUNT KYUTU ACTIVE AGAIN. SO!

OUTSIDE THE GUN CHAMBER THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS PARTED FROM THEIR GUIDE...
IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO SHOW US AROUND, MAJOR.
NOT AT ALL, MEIN HERR. IF I CAN HELP AGAIN ASK FOR MAJOR FUJI.
NOW WE'VE GOT THE DODGEY BUSINESS OF GETTIN' OUT AGAIN!

AT THE SUBMARINE BASIN, LUCK WAS WITH THEM AGAIN...
THAT'S FUNNY. I THOUGHT ALL THE FROGMEN WERE AWAY HAVING BREAKFAST...

NOTHING HINDERED THEM ON THE WAY OUT. AFTER DOZING FOR SEVERAL HOURS ON A FLAT ROCK, THEY MADE CONTACT WITH 'KESTREL'...
THERE THEY ARE, RIGHT AHEAD!
I'LL BE GLAD TO GET OUT OF THIS SUIT.
ALTHOUGH CURIOUS ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED, YOUNG FORBES INSISTED ON HIS PASSENGERS RESTING AND EATING BEFORE TALKING.
MY WORD, WE WERE READY FOR THAT GRUB, SIR.
SMITH! ASK THE SWAIN TO SEND ME A SIGNAL PAD AND A PENCIL, PLEASE.
VERY GOOD, SIR.
WITH HIS BROAD BROW PUCKERED IN THOUGHT, JEFF CURTISS SCRIBBLED OUT A SIGNAL. HE HANDED IT OVER TO FORBES.
KESTREL TO BRITISH F.O. NEW GUINEA.
JAP AND GERMAN PERSONNEL DETECTED INSIDE MT. KYUTU. REQUEST U.S. HEAVY BOMBERS ATTACK VOLCANO, AIMING BOMBS INTO CRATER AT 2000 TOMORROW, 24th. ENEMY GUNS WILL BE SILENCED PRIOR TO RAID, AND SUBMARINES AFTERWARDS. IMPERATIVE AIR STRIKE ON TIME
J. CURTISS. COMMANDER, R.N.

WHILE ERNIE BLACK TRANSMITTED THE MESSAGE, CURTISS FILLED FORBES IN ON SOME OF THE DETAILS.
IF YOU SUDDENLY HAD A WHOLE LOAD OF BOMBS DOWN THE SPOUT, YOU'D PULL YOUR SUBS OUT, WOULDN'T YOU? WE'LL STOP 'EM WITH DEPTH-CHARGES.
IT'S A TYPICAL DARING CURTISS SCHEME. I HOPE EVERYTHING GOES OFF ALL RIGHT.
FORBES' HEART-FELT REMARK SUDDENLY SOBERED CURTISS.
IT'D BETTER GO OFF ALL RIGHT. IF ANYTHING HINDERS BLACKIE AND ME, ANOTHER U.S. AIR FLEET WILL BE DESTROYED. THAT WOULD BE THE THIRD!
MY GOODNESS, YES, I DON'T THINK I COULD BEAR THE RESPONSIBILITY.
TIME DRAGGED. AS LIMPET MINES HAD TO BE TAKEN IN ON THE NEXT TRIP, THE SABOTEURS USED A KAYAK.
WELL, EVERYTHING'S LAID ON, FORBES. THE YANKS MUST HAVE DECIDED TO PLAY BALL.
YES, SIR. I'LL DELAY THE CHARGES TILL THE LAST MINUTE, UNLESS YOU GET OUT PROMPTLY.

BY ONE OF THE ROCKY HEADLANDS...
THE CANOE SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT THERE. WE'LL WALK IN IF THE GERMANS AREN'T ABOUT.
YES. IT'LL HELP CONSERVE OUR STRENGTH. HOPE OUR LUCK HOLDS.

THE ENTRANCE CHANNEL WAS DESERTED.
NOW WE COME TO THE CRITICAL PART. WONDER IF I'VE OVER-REACHED MYSELF THIS TIME?
WONDER IF GETTIN' OUT WILL BE AS EASY?

EXTREMELY CONSCIOUS OF THEMSELVES, THEY BEGAN TO DISCARD THEIR BREATHING APPARATUS.
THIS LOOKS BAD. WE CAN HARDLY ATTACK HIM OUT IN THE OPEN.
WHY ARE YOU TWO SO LATE GETTING OUT OF THE WATER?
WE'VE BEEN TESTING OUT SOME NEW BREATHING APPARATUS, HERR LEUTNANT.

WELL HURRY BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS! WE'VE GOT SOME NEW INSTRUCTIONS FOR YOU.

MINUTES LATER IN THE GUN CHAMBER...
HOW LONG BEFORE WE'RE RELIEVED?
FIVE MINUTES. I'LL BE GLAD OF A SMOKE.
WE HAVEN'T A MINUTE TO WASTE...

THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS ACTED LIKE LIGHTNING.
HOW'S THAT FOR SIZE, CHUM?
AAAAGH!

STONE ME! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL!

JEFF CURTISS WENT INTO ACTION AT ONCE WITH THE LIMPETS.
HOW LONG ARE THE FUSES SET FOR, SIR?
TEN MINUTES, OLD SON. LET'S HOPE WE'RE NOT HELD UP.

BLACKIE WAS FIXING THE LAST OF THE MINES WHEN...
AYE, AYE, THIS IS IT!
WONDER IF THERE ARE ANY MORE TO COME?

NO OTHER GUARDS ENTERED THE CHAMBER...
NO MORE SECRECY AFTER THIS...

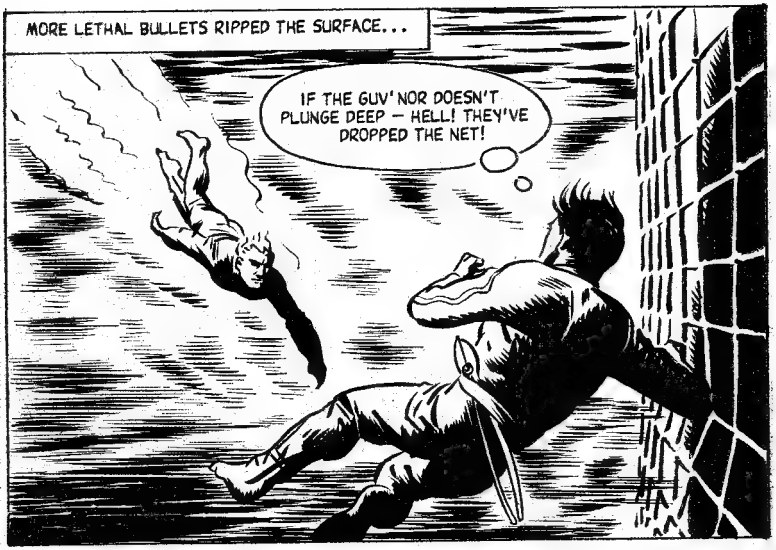
WITH THE IMMEDIATE OPPOSITION REPULSED, THEY RACED BACK FOR THE BASIN.
SOMEBODY'S SHIFTED OUR AIR BOTTLES, SIR! WHAT NOW?
THROW THAT GUN AWAY AND SWIM FOR THE CHANNEL! HURRY!
INTERLOPERS! SPIES! HELP!

THE DESERTED BASIN SOON ECHOED WITH SHOUTS...
KEEP GOING, BLACKIE!
I DON'T LIKE LEAVIN' THE GUV'NOR LIKE THIS...

JUST AS THINGS WERE GETTING REALLY TENSE, THE MINES EXPLODED IN THE GUN CHAMBER.
FIRST PART OF MISSION ACCOMPLISHED, EVEN IF WE DON'T MAKE IT. IT'LL BE THE BOMBERS NEXT.

TIME'S RUNNING OUT ON US.

CURTISS EMPTIED HIS WEAPON INTO THE JAPS IN THE GALLERY AND...
ME FOR THE DRINK!


MORE LETHAL BULLETS RIPPED THE SURFACE...
IF THE GUV'NOR DOESN'T PLUNGE DEEP — HELL! THEY'VE DROPPED THE NET!

PATIENCE! THEY CAN'T STAY DOWN MUCH LONGER. THEY HAVE NO OXYGEN!

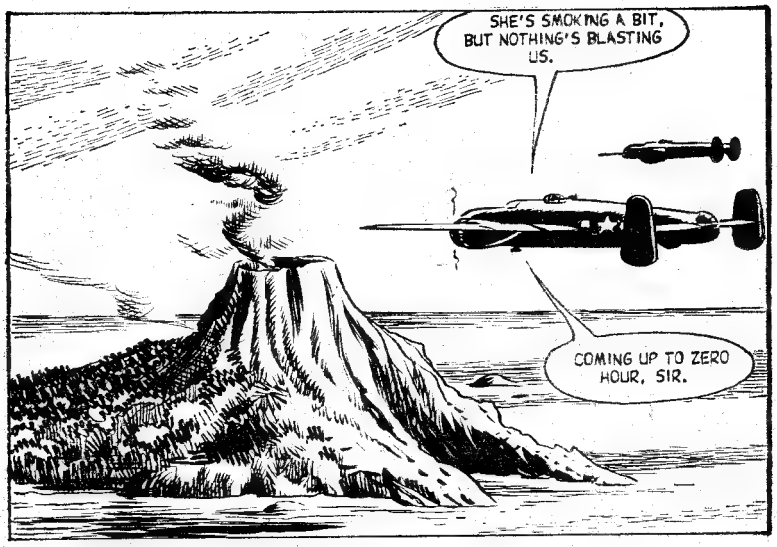
BUT ERNIE BLACK HAD NOT LUGGED HIS CUTTERS ASHORE WITH HIM FOR NOTHING...
I'M ABOUT DONE.
DONE IT! IF ONLY THE GUV'NOR CAN HANG ON FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS...

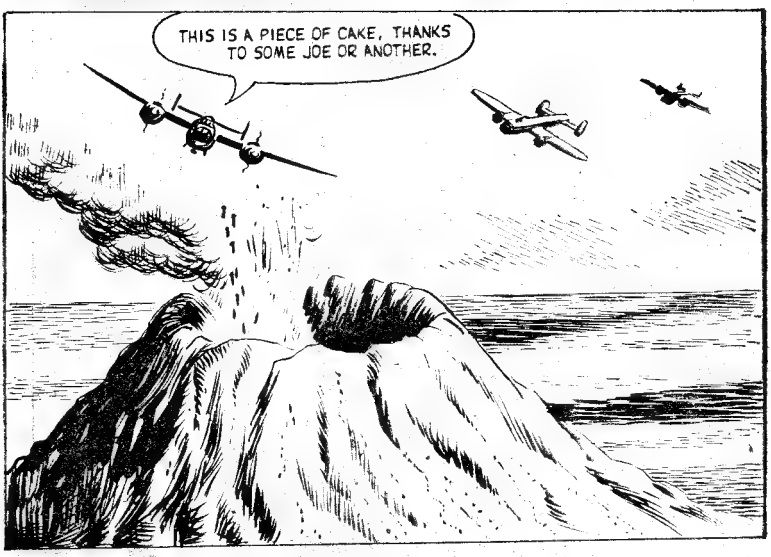
A SEARCHLIGHT FROM ONE OF THE SUBS WAS SWITCHED ON.
IS THAT A BRIGHT LIGHT, OR AM I IMAGINING THINGS?
HE'S BLEEDIN'... WONDER HOW BAD IT IS?

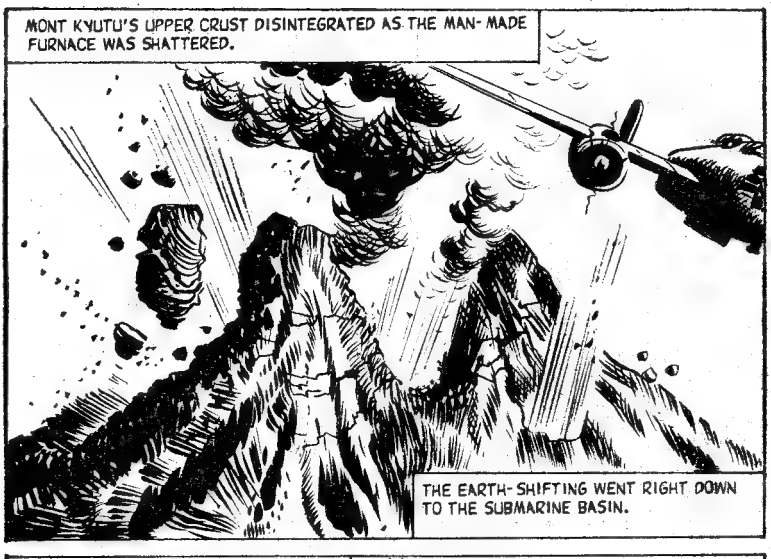
THE PROLONGED WAIT WAS TELLING ON THE BAFFLED JAPS' AND GERMANS' NERVES.
THEY MUST HAVE GOT THROUGH THE NET. SOMEBODY GIVE THEM A BURST!
WE GOT ABOUT THIRTY ODD YARDS TO DO UNDERWATER WITHOUT A BREATH, SIR. HOPE WE'LL MAKE IT.
THANK HEAVEN FOR AIR! NO I'M ONLY SCRATCHED...

DUE TO THEIR PREVIOUS EXERTIONS, AND JEFF CURTISS'S BULLET BURNS, THE UNDERWATER SWIM WAS A FORMIDABLE TASK.
...ENDLESS... BUT WE MUST BE GOING THE RIGHT WAY...

BOTH MEN WERE ON THE POINT OF BLACKING OUT WHEN...
A RIGHT DEATH-TRAP, THAT WAS...
WE'RE BOTH A COUPLE OF DEAD KIPPERS, IF THEY COME AFTER US NOW.
'KESTREL'S' CREW HAD SEEN SMOKE AND DEBRIS WHEN THE MINES WENT UP...
THERE THEY ARE! I'D ABOUT GIVEN THEM UP. HEAVENS ABOVE, THEY'VE GOT NO AQUA-LUNGS!
SUPERMEN, THEY ARE! THEY MUST BE!
THEIR RECOVERY FROM THE SEA TOOK ONLY MINUTES.
WHAT'S THE POSITION NOW, FORBES?
WE'RE STANDING OFF AGAIN NOW, SIR. WAITING FOR THE BOMBERS.
THANKS, TOSH. IT'S GOOD TO FEEL THIS DECK AGAIN.


SHE'S SMOKING A BIT, BUT NOTHING'S BLASTING US.
COMING UP TO ZERO HOUR, SIR.


THIS IS A PIECE OF CAKE, THANKS TO SOME JOE OR ANOTHER.

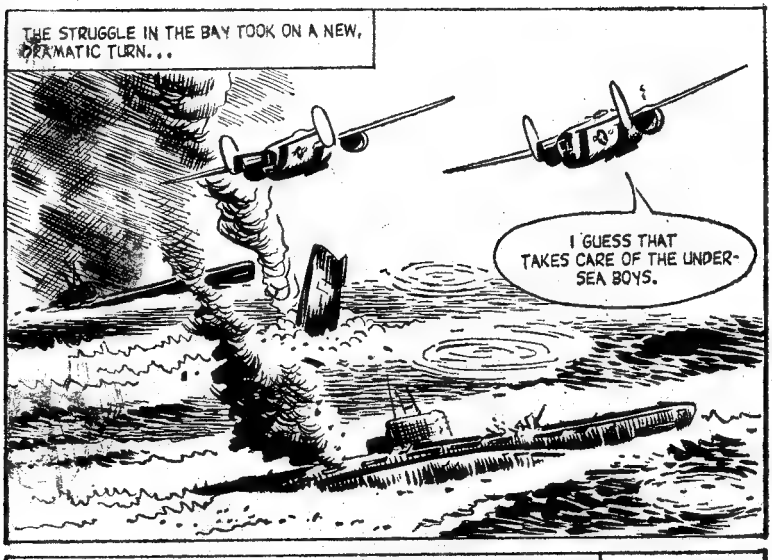

MONT KYUTU'S UPPER CRUST DISINTEGRATED AS THE MAN-MADE FURNACE WAS SHATTERED.
THE EARTH-SHIFTING WENT RIGHT DOWN TO THE SUBMARINE BASIN.

BOMBS WERE STILL GOING IN WHEN...
...THAT FIRST PATTERN OF CHARGES WAS AT A HUNDRED FEET. WE'LL MAKE THE NEXT DEEPER.
FIRST SUB JUST SURFACIN'. SIR!

ACTION DREW THE TIRED SABOTEURS ON DECK.
MIND IF I TAKE A CRACK AT 'EM WITH THE OERLIKON, SIR?
GO AHEAD! THEY'RE STILL FULL OF FIGHT!

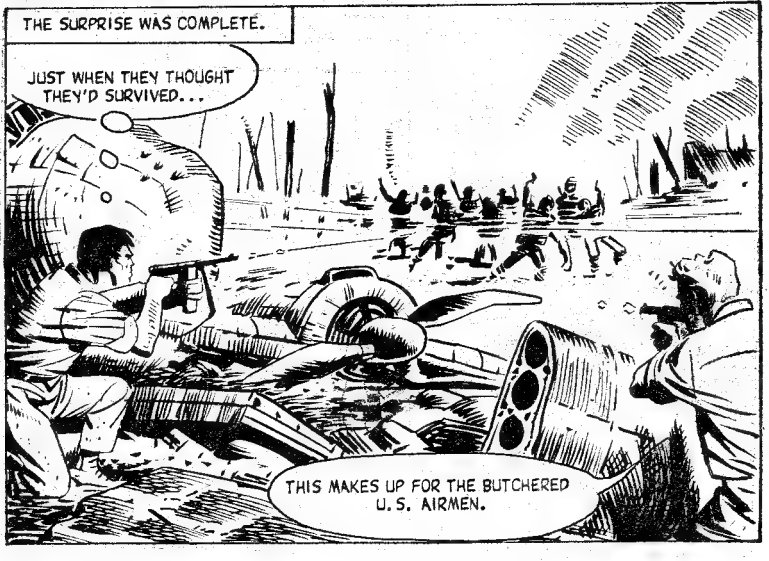
ONE RANGING SHELL HAD BEEN FIRED WHEN...
GREAT SHOOTING, BLACKIE!
THE BOY'S ON TOP FORM TODAY. GOT HIS TEMPER UP!

BUT MINUTES LATER...
YOU'VE PUT UP ALL THREE. BETTER TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!
HARD APORT!
CURSE IT! THIS GUN'S JAMMED!
THAT M.L.'S IN TROUBLE DOWN THERE, SKIPPER. THE SUBS MAY ESCAPE ON THE SURFACE. SHE'S SIGNALLING!
OKAY... WE'LL SEND YELLOW SECTION!


THE STRUGGLE IN THE BAY TOOK ON A NEW, DRAMATIC TURN...
I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF THE UNDER-SEA BOYS.

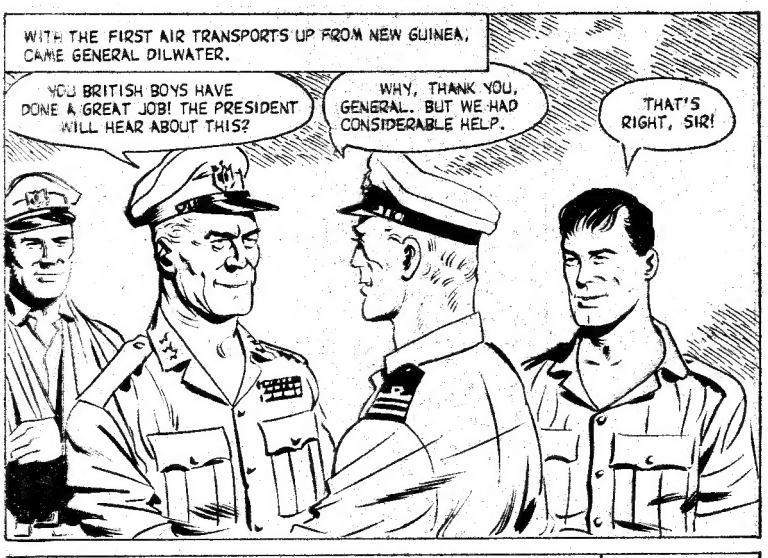
AFTER FLASHING THEIR THANKS, FORBES TOOK HIS BOAT TOWARDS THE SOUTHERN TIP OF THE ISLAND.
I'VE GOT A FEELING ANY SURVIVORS WILL HEAD SOUTH, SKIPPER.
WE'LL CERTAINLY TAKE A LOOK, IF YOU HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH, SIR.
WHAT A DAY...AND IT ISN'T FINISHED YET!

THE FOLLOWING DAWN, BACK IN THE CREEK...
WE'LL MAKE CAMP WHERE THE AMERICANS LANDED.
MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHERE IT IS...


THE SURPRISE WAS COMPLETE.
JUST WHEN THEY THOUGHT THEY'D SURVIVED...
THIS MAKES UP FOR THE BUTCHERED U. S. AIRMEN.

THE REMAINING SURVIVORS, FOLLOWING UP THE ADVANCE PARTY, GAVE NO TROUBLE...
I RECKON THIS IS ABOUT THE LOT, FORBES.
SORRY-LOOKING SPECIMENS, AREN'T THEY, SIR?
A BIT OF FORCED LABOUR WOULD DO THEM GOOD!

BLACKIE'S SUGGESTION WAS ADOPTED. LATER, HE MANAGED TO GET A BULLDOZER WORKING.
THIS STRIP WILL BE READY FOR USE IN ANOTHER DAY.


WITH THE FIRST AIR TRANSPORTS UP FROM NEW GUINEA, CAME GENERAL DILWATER.
YOU BRITISH BOYS HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB! THE PRESIDENT WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS?
WHY, THANK YOU, GENERAL. BUT WE HAD CONSIDERABLE HELP.
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!

WITHIN A WEEK, THE FIRST BOMBER FORCE TOOK OFF FROM KYUTU ON ITS WAY TO TOKYO.
JAPAN'S ABOUT TO FEEL THE STRENGTH OF UNCLE SAM'S ARM. THANKS LARGELY TO YOU TWO.
THEY'LL HAVE US ON THE NEWSREELS NEXT...

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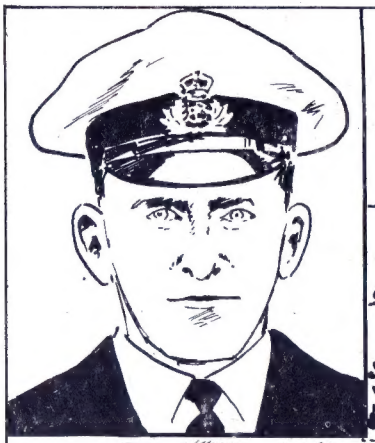
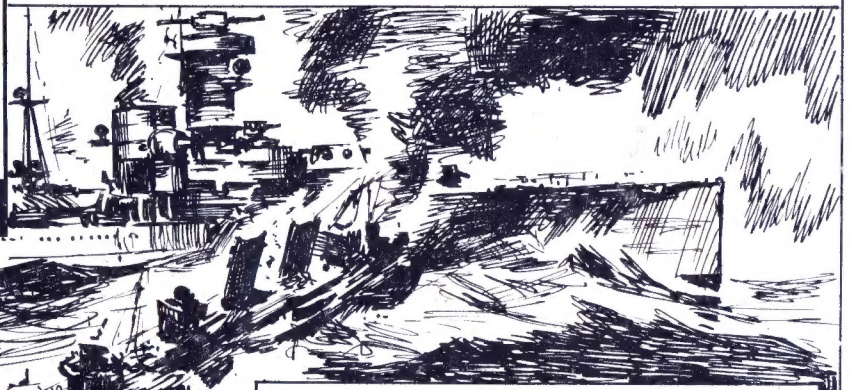
DARING DEEDS OF WORLD WAR TWO





LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER GERALD ROOPE, R.N. commanded the destroyer, H.M.S. *Glowworm*, which lost touch with the battlecruiser, *Renown*, in the North Sea on April 7th, 1940. Next morning *Glowworm* contacted German destroyers which 'led' her to the German cruiser, *Admiral Hipper*. Roope ordered an immediate attack knowing full well that his ship was hopelessly outgunned by the powerful cruiser. *Glowworm* was crippled by shellfire but Roope brought the dying ship round to ram the *Hipper*. *Glowworm* then capsized and Lieutenant-Commander Roope did not survive to receive his Victoria Cross.